

## C N CALLING

He alone keeps his life and freedom who daily has to conquer them again. Goethe

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

MUSSOLINI'S

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## THE BROKEN DREAM OF WILBUR WRIGHT

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### BANG GOES SAXPENCE

#### Herr Hitler to Protect the Scots

HERR HITLER is taking Scotland under his protecting wing. One of his henchmen has taken up the cudgels on behalf of Scotsmen as the "most Germanic of the races inhabiting the British Isles, but the victims of gibes which are dastardly inventions on the part of the Jews."

Any stick is good enough to beat the English dog with, but the gifted German defender of the Germanic Scot seems this time to have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. He cannot know that there is hardly a newspaper in London without a Scottish sub-editor, or that most of the jokes about Scotsmen have been invented by themselves.

#### The Clydesdale Horse

The CN has collected a few of the gibes about the Scots, some of them half a century old or more. They appear to have begun with the tale of the Scot who said that no sooner had he set foot in London than *bang went saxpence!*

The saxpence appears in another story of the big Clydesdale horse which stood stock still in the middle of the traffic of Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, and could not be persuaded to stir. They sent for a farrier, who presently lifted the horse's forefoot—and there, beneath the intelligent animal's hoof, was a sixpence.

Many of the jokes come from farther north than the Scottish Lowlands, and arise in the granite city of Aberdeen, made of granite because it can stand anything. The Aberdonians invent them for export, and one of the inventors was an old friend of the CN, Lord Aberdeen. A recent favourite was the picture in a comic paper of Flag Day in Aberdeen, with not a soul to be seen in the streets. The latest we have heard was of the Aberdonian who walked all the way from Aberdeen to London to see the Cup Final and was then too tired to climb over the fence.

#### Saving the "Bawbees"

Anecdotes of the Scotsman's care for the "bawbees" as well as for the saxpences are very old jokes. We found one in a Punch of the seventies of last century, when the toll of a halfpenny for crossing old Waterloo Bridge had just been raised. The Scot is crossing the bridge, and says he, "Hech! To think I save a bawbee every time I cross this bonny brig! I'll just pit it in the plate the next time I gang to the kirk." The drawing is by Charles Keene, himself a Scot and responsible for nearly all

the jokes about Scotsmen appearing while he was on Punch.

Another joke about putting in the plate is nearly as old and better known. It is of the Scot who by mistake put a half-crown in the plate instead of a penny, and, discovering his error, asked for it back again. "Nay, nay, mon, ye canna hae it back, once given to the Lord," said the sidesman. "Aweel," said the giver, resignedly, "I'll hae the credit of it." "Nay, mon," replied the sidesman. "Ye'll only get the credit for the penny!"

Jokes about the Scot's thriftiness are legion, beginning as far back as the proverbial difficulty of taking the breeks off a Highlander to the picture of a Scot lying exhausted on a railway platform after his efforts to get his penny back from a "try your strength machine"; or contemplating the lighted advertisements at Piccadilly Circus, "the Scotsman's kinema."

#### Highland Pride

Next to them come those dealing with his preference for living in (and on) England instead of returning to Scotland. These must have begun with James the First, who brought so many needy Scotsmen in his train. One of them we heard a number of years ago near the Mansion House. An antiquated four-wheeler drawn by an antiquated horse stopped in the middle of Queen Victoria Street, and nothing the driver could do would get him on. Passing drivers and other cabmen began to take an interest, and one of them called out, "Why don't you back him?" "Ah," said his owner, "he won't go back; he's a Scotch horse."

Highland pride comes next as the reason for mirth. There is the tale of the Highland laird whose servant every evening appeared on the tower of the castle and proclaimed for all to hear, "The Laird of Maclehose has sat him doon to dine: the kings of the airth can now tak their meals."

More authentic is that of the piper replying to the English lord who has told him that he is thinking of getting a good piper. "And what kind of a piper would your lordship be needin'?" "Oh, certainly a good piper like yourself, Sandy." "Och! Indeed! Ye might easily find a lord like your lordship; but it's nae sae easy to find a piper like me!"

Here is a legal one. At a luncheon at Edinburgh the Lord Advocate had next to him a young man whom he presently asked what his profession was. The young man replied modestly

### The Trumpeter of Fleet Street



The bronze statue by Sir William Reid Dick which looks out from the new offices of the Press Association and Reuters designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens

that he was a poet. "A poet!" exclaimed the judge. "And can ye make a living at that?" "Well," said the poet, "enough to keep the wolf from the door." "I suppose," retorted the judge, caustically, "you read it your poems?"

Another thrifty Scot was travelling by slow train from Glasgow to Euston. At every stop he hopped out of the carriage, went to the ticket office, and came back with a ticket to the next station. One of his fellow passengers could not restrain his curiosity at this strange behaviour and asked why he did it. "Aweel," he replied, "ye ken it's like this. My doctor said I'd no business to travel so far, and maybe

I should never get there, so I juist tak a ticket to last me oot as far as I can go."

The number of Scots who have settled in England, and, though full of praises for their native heath, show no desire to go back to it, is reflected in the remark of the Scottish commercial traveller who had just returned from his first visit across the Border. His friends asked him what he thought of the English. "Well," he replied, after thought, "the fact is I never met any; I only visited the heads of firms."

Here, though there are many more in our collection, we will end, and we make a present of all these stories to our German critics, and to Scotland's new protector, Herr Hitler.

### Busman Barrister

MR PETER DONNELLY is now a Bachelor of Law.

There is a wonderful story behind this achievement. A married man and father of five children (two of whom are grown up), he is a bus conductor in County Durham. Ten years ago, when he was 38, he determined to become a barrister, and his wife set to work to help him. She and the children made sacrifices of all kinds. They did without pleasures, they saved money, and they arranged not to disturb the determined man who studied Law and Latin night after night, attended evening schools and classes, and punched tickets during the day.

His first attempt to pass the Matriculation ended in disaster, but he tried again. Nothing daunted by the difficulties in his way, he plodded on.

Then came the day when he and his wife were in the King's Hall of King's College, Newcastle, during the Congregation of the University of Durham. Amid cheers, Mr Donnelly walked to the dais to hear Lord Londonderry, Chancellor of the University, proclaim him a Bachelor of Law. The hall was crowded, and everyone was glad, but we think that no one was quite as glad as Mrs Donnelly, not even her clever, persevering husband who may one day practise as a barrister.



## THREE SCHOOLS AND TWO BOYS

### More Help For the CN Fund

The CN is thankful to three schools who have brought our fund for the two Vienna boys to over £140.

Eight little pupils from Northumberland House School at Durdham Lodge, Bristol, have done splendidly by arranging a little concert and a sale, the result of which was a net gain of £4 2s 2d. The Editor thanks this happy group of children, eight-year-olds, nine-year-olds, and ten-year-olds, who have shown such friendliness to these two refugees; the children are Jean Buchanan, Mary June Davies, Cherry Morgan, Rachel Warren, Barbara Weaver, Anne Willis, Mary Young, and Ruth Mary Young.

Two more gifts for the Vienna boys come from Jamaica and Glamorgan.

From Jamaica comes 10s collected by the scholars of St Andrews High School, and from Glamorgan comes 5s collected by the pupils at Cwrt Sart Central School, Briton Ferry, John Thomas writing for them that "We see that at King's Lynn the scholars have sacrificed their ices and sweets and saved 2s 6d. Now it is our turn, and we are sending you five shillings."

## THE 28 AND THE 7 A Milk Mystery

In a debate in Parliament on milk Mr George Lambert, who has a small farm in Devonshire, told the Commons that in June he received a fraction over 7d a gallon for the milk he sold to factories. Yet in London people are paying 7d a quart, or 2s 4d a gallon!

Then he went on to compare the lot of a milk roundsman with that of a cowman:

The milk roundsman does 48 hours a week. I would like to see the cowman who does a 48-hour week. It would be a very good thing if some of those omniscient Whitehall gentlemen would invent a Whitehall cow that did not want to be milked on Saturday afternoons, Sunday mornings, and Sunday nights. A cowman has to milk his cows 14 times a week, otherwise the old lady would go dry. She has no nonsense about it.

Mr Lambert asked if the producers of milk ought to be sacrificed to the milk distributors.

We should very much like to know how the sevenpence becomes twenty-eight pence, multiplied by four.

## Scotland's Millions

Scotland's population is now in excess of 5,000,000.

Some commentators think this remarkable, but it is a very small increase in a small figure. In 1913 the population was 4,728,000; in 1900 it was 4,483,000. If we go back to 1890 we find that it then exceeded 4,000,000, and it has taken nearly 50 years to add a million. Between 1919 and 1939 the increase has been only 200,000.

The recent rise is a good sign, however, and we may now hope that new industries will afford Scotland's gifted population the opportunity it deserves. The housing problem is acute, and will become more so if the new industries thrive. Some 250,000 new houses are needed, to say nothing of rebuilding many old ones.

## Two Ships in One

One of the strangest sights ever seen in the Pacific Ocean is a two-in-one ship.

It is the British steamer Sheaf Crown on its 9850-mile journey from New York to Vladivostok with another ship on top of it!

The boat lashed to the deck of the Sheaf Crown is the Russian fireboat Dozorniy, and the cost of loading it on board with heavy cranes was over £700.

# Tennyson Speaks Again

*Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still.*

TENNYSON'S voice, speaking lines from his undying verse, has been heard again in his home at Aldworth, on Blackdown in Sussex.

To Aldworth he came from Farringford in the Isle of Wight, and on Freshwater Down, towards sunset when the evening star was high, he was often seen, a lonely figure in his swaying Inverness cape, a broad-brimmed hat on his rugged brow, striding about the close-clipped turf. The irreverent rustics of Freshwater had a saying about his big hat that "Once round Tennyson's hat, twice round Freshwater." But he was not the man to mind his humble neighbours. What vexed the poet's soul was the tourist; and it was to avoid the trippers that he left the Isle of Wight, forsaking one Down to go to another, Freshwater to Blackdown.

It was while at Farringford that he was persuaded to make two records of his poetry, spoken by himself, for Edison. He was then 80 years old, but his voice, strong and only a little husky, repeated into the mouthpiece of the phonograph stanzas from the Charge of the Heavy Brigade and the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, as well as verses from Maud and the Idylls of the King. The verses from Maud have been set to music.

*She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat  
Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat  
Had I lain for a century dead.*

They have been sung by thousands of lovers since Tennyson spoke them aloud at Farringford on that long ago day of 1889, but never can they ring out with the sentiment and pathos that the poet's own voice imparts to them. When he has lain for a century dead they will still have power to thrill, and his voice, preserved on wax cylinders and now transferred to

gramophone records, will be heard again. Though in themselves immortal, the mortal touch of the voice that is still invests the words with a living warmth and sweetness.

It was at Aldworth, where for more than twenty years he lived, and from whose height he took his last look on the English countryside, that his voice was heard the other day. He loved it well, and wrote to a friend of the English scene:

*You came and looked and loved the view  
Long known and loved by me.  
Green Sussex fading into blue,  
With one grey glimpse of sea.*

A recollection of his closing years there is told in Arthur Mee's book on Sussex, and with it the story of the night when from his Blackdown home, where he drew his last breath, he was carried from Aldworth to his place in Westminster Abbey. Canon Rawnslay was one of those with the bracken-and-moss-lined wagon, which was drawn through the dark woods at nightfall, while wagoners walked beside with lanterns.

"The Aldworth groves were left behind (he wrote) and we gained the moor. Very dark and black, the down sloped up towards the lingering light of the sky. Villagers here and there, in groups, were waiting to watch the dumb procession pass. Then, while the bats flew overhead and an owl hooted from a far wood, we entered the oak-canopied hollow way that led us by its two miles of autumn-scented leafy darkness down towards the village in the vale."

There the first part of the journey ended, and the railway train was waiting, and "so the poet was carried from the land of his life and love and labour."

So Canon Rawnslay, who has gone to join his old friend, wrote. But when at Aldworth the voice that is still was heard again it seemed that the poet could not have gone, for still he speaks to us.

## Saved by a Mirage

VERY early one morning when the liner Duchess of Bedford was near the Grand Bank off Newfoundland an officer saw something which made him rub his eyes and wonder if he was dozing.

Away on the horizon was what appeared to be an iceberg like a sailing ship upside-down! He raced to tell the captain of the mirage, but when they looked at it through a telescope they found that it was no iceberg, but a white sailing ship with a white hull.

As the liner steamed nearer the mysterious ship was seen to be the 315-ton French barquentine Ben Hur, from St Malo. Her bowsprit and topmasts broken off, she was a pathetic sight, and was flying a signal meaning

"I must abandon my vessel." Small boats filled with men began to leave the derelict. All 34 of the crew were rescued, and it was a thrilling story of a battle against a relentless sea that they had to tell.

The Ben Hur's bow had been rammed by a huge iceberg, and for two days the crew worked a hand pump frantically in an endeavour to keep the ship afloat.

It was the peculiar visibility conditions often experienced off the Grand Banks in foggy weather which enabled the officer on watch to sight the Ben Hur, though she was actually below the horizon, and what the officer saw was the reflection of the vessel reversed against the sky.

## Canadian Camp For Empire Schoolgirls

SCHOOLGIRLS from England, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand are to meet their Canadian cousins for a week's camp in the Rockies.

The English party will consist of a hundred girls from public and private schools, and they sail next week. The tour will begin in Quebec, where they will be joined by Canadian girls who are to accompany them across the Dominion, visiting famous towns and seeing some of Canada's grandest scenery. They will go as far as Victoria in British Columbia.

At King's Camp in Banff National Park they will spend a week with the girls from the other Dominions, and will perhaps meet them at cricket, for the English party includes two cricket elevens who are to give demonstration matches in various parts of Canada.

The tour has been arranged by the Overseas Education League, which has also brought to England the Canadian schoolboys who have been playing cricket against English schools during this month.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

By a majority of one the Foreign Relations Committee of the American Senate have decided that there shall be no change in the Neutrality Law which prohibits the exports of armaments to belligerents.

Mr Norman Lee, a New York Banker, has established a record by travelling round the world in regularly scheduled planes in 20 days 14½ hours.

Eight brothers attend the same village school at Isle Abbots, Somerset.

Charles Crockett, a dock worker at Aberavon, has just died from wounds received at Salonika 22 years ago.

Middlesex Hospital is in dire straits with 100 beds closed and 2000 patients waiting admission.

Bath Abbey has been attacked by the death-watch beetle and £4000 is needed to replace the timber affected.

Housewives in Cardwell, North Queensland, are hoping that the giant moth caught in the town the other day was the only one of its kind, for it measured nearly a foot across.

Setting out from Great Hucklow, near Buxton, in his sailplane, Mr Christopher Nicholson made a six-hour flight, often flying blind in clouds, and landed at Southend Airport, 160 miles away.

About 200,000 cubic feet of helium have been shipped to Poland from the United States for a stratosphere flight.

The German Chief of Police has issued an order that motorists in Germany may not smoke while driving.

A new use for salt has been discovered; it has been found that salted runways are excellent for taking-off and landing heavy planes.

The LMS announce special trips to see full moon and sunrise on Skiddaw and Saddleback.

Six hundred Boy Scouts in Saskatoon have offered their services to protect the trees on the boulevard of the city.

Eight hundred motorists were sent to prison in 1937 and 342,000 people were fined a total of £423,000 for road offences.

In 95 per cent of the cases against drunken drivers in 1937 the licences were endorsed or suspended.

## THINGS SEEN

A little pied wagtail feeding a baby cuckoo in the Wirral, Cheshire.

A Nazi sailor carrying a little Jewish refugee girl and her doll.

Seagulls swimming over a cricket pitch at Pontypridd, Glamorgan.

A Chinese gentleman escorting a blind Negro across a London street.

An egg with three yolks at Blackley, near Manchester.

## THINGS SAID

Even the Processional Way from Westminster to Buckingham Palace is desecrated by advertisements.

Mr H. G. Strauss, M P

Our recreation ground is so full of trenches that we haven't got room to play. Boy at West London Juvenile Court

It is not only more blessed to give than to receive, but more blessed to give than to bequeath. Lady Agnes Peel

Even in such lessons as mathematics it is not hard to refer to the great achievements of the Fuhrer.

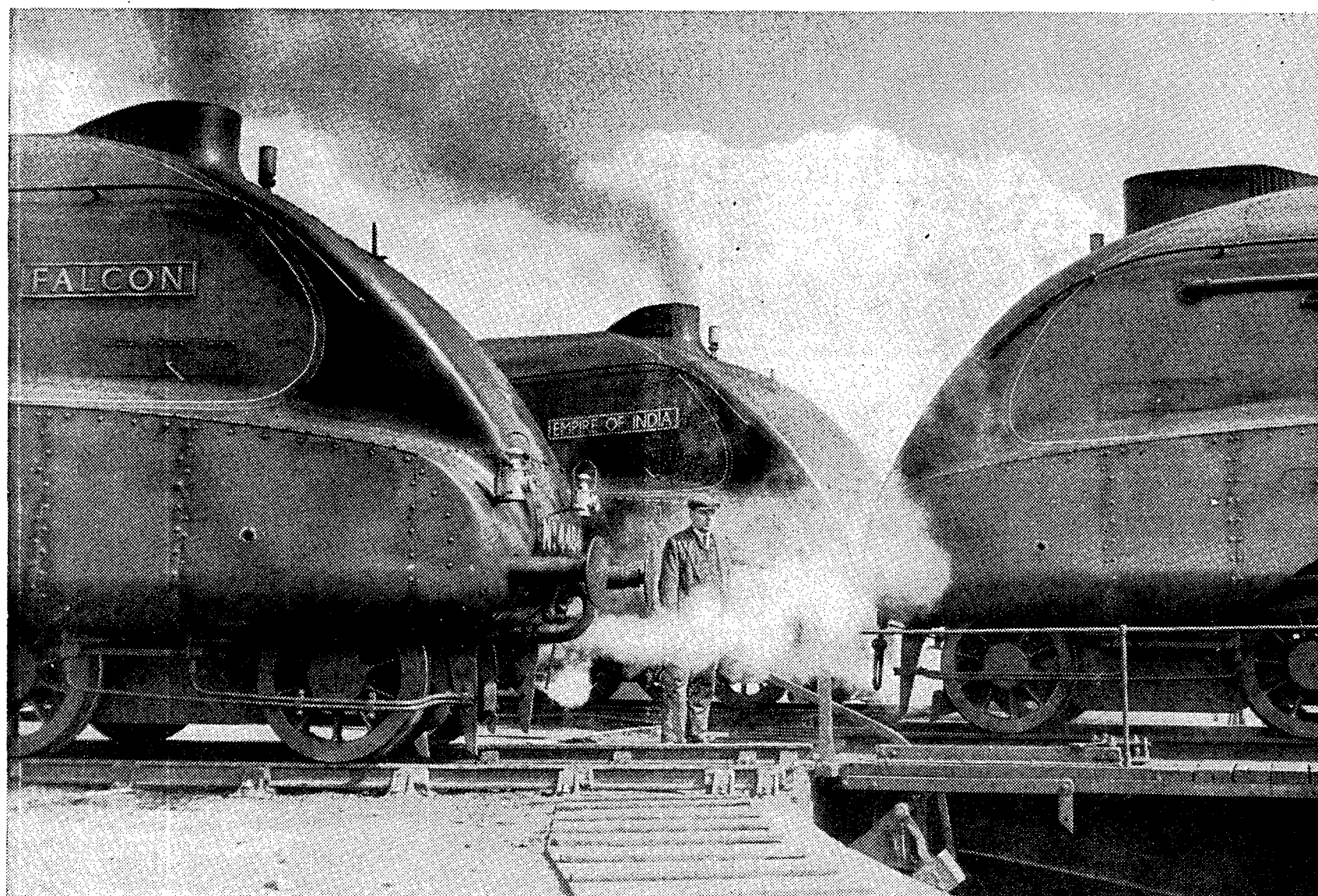
German War Schools Inspector

## THE BROADCASTER

THE National Trust now controls over 80,000 acres.

MORE than 840,000 people contributed to the Lifeboat flag day in London, raising £8132.





STREAMLINED GIANTS

An unusual scene at King's Cross showing three of the latest type of LNER engines waiting to use the turntable

## A Builder of Houses

It is just a hundred years since Sir Ernest George was born in London.

He came into the world in 1839, and went out of it in 1922, after giving England's green and pleasant land some beautiful houses.

A clever artist even as a boy, he grew up with a genius for domestic architecture and a love of beauty. He was only 20 when he won the gold medal for architecture, and while still young he began the famous partnership of George and Peto, working in collaboration with Harold Peto, a building contractor. They were excellent partners, and for years designed and built houses for wealthy clients. It was in their office that Sir Edwin Lutyens, Sir Herbert Baker, Sir Guy Dawber, and other distinguished architects were trained. We remember hearing him speak on the beauty of the countryside, which he, unlike so many other architects, did nothing to spoil.

## Morning Tears

The officers of the cargo boat Medon will never forget a recent voyage to Australia, for they had a very tearful duty to perform every morning.

They had to remove the hatches and descend into the holds armed with torches. A few minutes later, with tears running down their cheeks, they groped their way up to the captain and made their report on the cargo, 1000 tons of Egyptian onions!

Each day the holds had to be well aired and the temperature of the onions taken to make sure that they were being kept at the right temperature.

Australian onions are said to be the best in the world, but this year's harvest, which ended in April, was the worst on record owing to the drought.

## A Hard-Working Man and His House

THERE is no more worthy object of official solicitude than the home-maker, especially the small one.

When a man's earnings are no more than a few pounds a week it is a very serious thing for him to buy a house of the true worth or worthlessness of which he knows nothing, and to engage to pay for it in ten or twenty years by monthly instalments.

Such a period is no small part of a man's life. If he starts payments at 30 he is middle-aged before he is through. By the time it is through he may find that his little home needs continual repair because made of shoddy materials. In a recent case in the courts a house was priced at £700 and was proved to be very badly built.

Hundreds of thousands of such houses have been erected by speculators who work hand in hand with badly-managed building societies who lend money without sufficiently safeguarding the home-makers. Every society should be compelled to employ experts of ripe experience and to refuse to lend money except on absolute report as to their worth.

In the new Building Societies Bill before Parliament the Minister of Health has prepared a new clause to protect the home-maker. This clause seeks to provide for:

The sound construction of a building upon which a society lends money;

Compensation if the building is found not to be sound; and

Protection of the buyer if the builder has gone out of business when the house is found not to be sound.

Mr Elliot pointed out how necessary it is that protection should be given to house-owners against the evils of jerry-building. The best way to deal with the subject, he urged, was through the building trade. He desired to bring into play the professional pride of the industry, through the "certified house," certified by somebody under the aegis of the building trade, but not by the building trade itself.

We hope the Committee examining the Bill will make sure of its remedy. Building is a difficult thing at best, and a vast amount of poor material is on the market because good materials are so dear. There is more temptation than of old to use rubbish, and even contract work has to be sternly watched.

We urge once more that the Government might well add a clause enabling building societies to build for themselves, as the law does not allow them to do now. A big building society, with great capital at its command, could buy in the best market, employ the best architects, and give home-makers real value for their hard-earned money.

## Never Say Die

Over 60 years ago Mr Herbert Watkins, of Barry Dock, South Wales, had a terrible accident. The doctors wanted to amputate both his legs to save his life, but Mr Watkins refused. The doctors gave him up and said he could not possibly live more than twelve months; as many as thirty doctors said this. Mr Watkins has just celebrated his 80th birthday.

## More Milk and Safer

When Sir Kaye Le Fleming, of the British Medical Association, told a meeting convened by the Rothamsted Experimental Station that we wanted not only more milk but safe milk, and that safety could be secured by the process of Pasteurisation there were shouts of Yes and No.

The speaker commented upon this that "anyone who is not satisfied that Pasteurisation safeguarded milk is not well informed." Agriculture, he added, must direct its policy on the same lines as the medical profession.

The cries of No show how much has to be learned by some of us. Pasteurisation is at once simple and satisfactory.

The great Pasteur showed that heat kills the micro-organisms which cause putrefaction. In the case of milk the liquid is heated for 15 minutes or so to a temperature of 140 to 180 degrees. Special closed vessels are used, and the milk is kept agitated while heated to prevent a skin being formed on it.

What people do not sufficiently realise is that germs multiply with rapidity, and that, especially in summer, it is necessary to cover all food and keep it cool.

## The Strangest Strike of All

The United States partly deals with her unemployed (of whom there are roundly 10,000,000) by putting them on relief works, and the relief works are governed by the Works Projects Administration. The labours of the WPA have been recently reviewed by Congress, which decided that the relief work must be carefully tightened up; more work was to be demanded for the relief given. Trade unionists on relief are revolting against the new scale of work, and a strike has begun which threatens to be serious, for the number of people affected is enormous.



## HOW WE SPEND OUR MONEY

### The Good and Bad Sides of It

How do our people spend their money, apart from the portion taken by the Government for national purposes?

In his work on the National Income and Outlay Mr Colin Clark gives some interesting estimates. The inquiry related to a year of very bad trade, 1932, when spending was at its lowest in recent years. This would make its mark on luxury spending, so that at the present time a larger proportion of outlay would go in luxury than in 1932.

Let us see first what it said of domestic spending. The total personal outlay of our people in 1932 was put at 3493 million pounds. In millions of pounds domestic expenditure came out like this:

Rent, rates, and so on .. .. .	363
Food and groceries .. .. .	1084
Clothes and cloths .. .. .	379
Coal, gas, electricity, water .. ..	150
Laundry .. .. .	25
Furniture and hardware .. .. .	155
Domestic service .. .. .	150
	<u>2306</u>

That accounts for no less than two-thirds of all the spending. Rent and rates included the mortgage interest on houses being bought through building societies.

Then there are other necessities which can hardly be called luxuries:

Stationery, fancy goods, and so on ..	168
Postal services .. .. .	35
Newspapers .. .. .	30
Private education .. .. .	25
	<u>258</u>

We have accounted for 2564 millions, by far the greater part of the whole.

#### What We Spend on Luxuries

Turning to our expenditure on luxuries, we have the following estimates:

Entertainments .. .. .	57
Drink .. .. .	232
Tobacco .. .. .	136
Betting .. .. .	40
Travel .. .. .	189
Cars and cycles .. .. .	96
Hotels and restaurants .. .. .	78
	<u>828</u>

This luxury list accounts for nearly a fifth of the total spending, the chief item being Drink. Tobacco is also a very big item. The hotel and restaurant bill is only partly luxury; much of it is a necessity to commercial and business men. Cars and cycles would be a much bigger item in a normal year, and not all of it can be termed luxury spending.

A few miscellaneous items remain, such as spending on religious organisations, clubs, and so on. The totals are:

On the home .. .. .	2306
On other necessities .. .. .	258
On luxuries .. .. .	828
Miscellaneous .. .. .	101
Total	<u>3493</u>

It is the home, we are glad to record, that makes the biggest call on the purse, and more than a quarter of the whole outlay is spent on food. That is good, but the bad side of it is the spending on drink, gambling, and tobacco.

### The Lost Watch

Fred Knowles is a miner at Cross Heath Colliery, Newcastle. One day many months ago he lost his watch while working at the coal face. He searched for it with the light of his Davy lamp, but could not find it, and gave it up as lost for ever. Imagine his surprise when the postman delivered a little parcel containing his watch, which had come from Liverpool, where it had been found in a sack of coal delivered at the house of a relative who knew of the story and recognised the watch.

## Mussolini's Three Hundred Thousand DUCE OR FUHRER?

### Under Which Master Will They Serve?

PITY the poor Tyrolese, the three hundred thousand German subjects of the Duce, handed to him by the Treaty of Versailles. They are to be given permission to choose between the Fuhrer and the Duce. They may stay south of the Brenner Pass under Italy or go over the border into the Reich. Can you not imagine them singing?

*We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,  
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.*

*We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before:*

*We are coming, Father Adolf, three hundred thousand more!*

*If you look across the hilltops that meet the northern sky,*

*Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry.*

*And now the wind an instant tears the cloudy veil aside,*

*And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride.*

*And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour:*

*We are coming, Father Adolf, three hundred thousand more!*

*If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,*

*You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;*

*And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,*

*And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs.*

*And farewell groups stand weeping at every cottage door:*

*We are coming, Father Adolf, three hundred thousand more!*

It is the song of the days of Abraham Lincoln, when the people marched for freedom; but how well it fits the marching of the Tyrolese to the noble banner of Herr Hitler, leaving behind the tyranny of the Duce for the freedom of the Fuhrer!

THESE gallant peasants of the mountains, land of Andreas Hofer who dared to face Napoleon, are to be given the choice between losing their homes or their nationality.

They dwell in that rocky but pleasant land which was a battleground between Austrians and Italians during the war, and which was afterwards handed over to Italy so as to give her a better frontier against Austria in future. This was one of the iniquities of the Treaty of Versailles about which Italy made no complaint. Her only complaint about what Herr Hitler so often denounces as a Satanic treaty is that she did not get enough out of it.

But before Hitler came to power, and even before he and Mussolini became as brothers, the lot of the transferred Tyroleans was not a happy one. The Italians were very thorough in their treatment. They determined to make the Tyroleans good Italians in spite of themselves, though at that time 300,000 of them spoke only German, thought like Germans, and dressed like other Tyrolese Austrians who, living a few miles away, were free to speak and think in the Austrian way.

The Fascists altered all that. They put the German language out of court. Italian only was spoken in the schools, and the Italian language pursued the Tyrolean from the cradle to the grave, for it had to be put on gravestones. No German epitaphs were allowed. Italian taxes pressed heavily on them. They might hardly call their fields or farms their own. They suffered as no Sudeten Germans ever suffered in Czecho-Slovakia.

From their hearts went up a prayer to Germany, not loud but deep, to come over the frontier and save them, and when Herr Hitler the Austrian came to power and might in Germany their prayer seemed about to be answered. Did he not declare his

intention of restoring all lost Germans to the Fatherland? Surely the time of their liberation was at hand!

It lagged unaccountably long, and at last the poor stranded Tyrolese understood that owing to political necessities Herr Adolf had agreed with Signor Benito that the frontiers between Germany and Italy were fixed by Providence, and nothing could be done to right their wrong.

But the Fuhrer has not forgotten them. The lost 300,000 could not be given back to their native land, but they might like to become Germans. They could come across the frontier fixed by Providence and the Treaty of Versailles, and make themselves useful in Germany, where there is a shortage of labour for keeping the guns and the butter going at the same time. Or they could stay where they are and become Italians.

Twenty years have gone since they were handed over to Italy. It may be that the younger generation will prefer to stay in the land of the Duce whom they know, rather than go beggared and embittered to a country now become a stranger to them. On the other hand, they may not be given the choice of evils.

### Strange Happenings in a Country Lane

It was a very distracted farmer who was seen running up and down a country lane in Scotland the other day. He had his coat off and, to the great mystification of the people who encountered him, a huge white tablecloth under one arm. Like the little boy in the rhyme he had his head in the air, for he was looking for a swarm of bees in the treetops!

The swarm had passed over several houses, but the inhabitants had thought it was an aeroplane and so had not bothered to look out! The farmer eventually found his swarm, put the tablecloth over it, and took it home.

## THE SQUARE DEAL

### A Case For Fair Play

The Railway Companies won their case recently before the Railway Rates Tribunal.

In brief, it was held that the revenue of the companies was not big enough and that no cutting down of expenses was possible. This is equivalent to saying that the companies must be empowered to charge more for their work.

Now the companies are faced with a claim by railwaymen for a minimum wage of 50s a week. This, if granted, would make it even more difficult for the railways to carry on, for there are many men who now get less than 50s. Yet who can say, with prices as they are, that 50s is too much?

The Government has decided that the railways are entitled to charge more, and legislation is promised for the next session of Parliament; the men have put in their claim now so that they may not be overlooked in the settlement.

The present position is that the railways carry heavy goods at a loss, while road transport, on which profit can be made, is picked by the road-carriers, who are not compelled, as the railways are, to carry heavy goods.

### Taking Logs to Sweden

We talk of taking coals to Newcastle, but what shall we say about the news that New Zealand has sent 150 tons of pine logs to Sweden, little land of great pine forests?

When the last air-mail left New Zealand the liner Rotorua was loading these pine logs and will carry them to London, where they will be trans-shipped to a vessel bound for Sweden.

This is an experimental shipment of New Zealand timber from the great man-made pine forests which now cover thousands of square miles of land that was formerly lying idle in the centre of the North Island of New Zealand.

In Sweden the pine logs will be subjected to exhaustive tests to determine what sorts of woodpulp products can be made from New Zealand pine. One of the biggest pulpwood mills in Sweden has agreed to carry out the tests. Representatives of the great companies which own the pine forests of New Zealand are travelling to Sweden to watch the logs being made into pulpwood and its products.

Pine trees grow rapidly in the mild climate of New Zealand. Trees planted twenty years ago are already tall and sturdy. The time has almost arrived to fell the trees and turn the timber into pulpwood, for which there is a great demand throughout the world. That is why a shipment of pine logs is being sent halfway round the world to Sweden.

### A Little-known World

To find an animal no white man has ever seen is becoming increasingly difficult, but there are still regions where pioneers may break new ground.

In Dutch New Guinea is a wonderland from which Mr Richard Archbold has now returned. He has travelled 40,000 miles to New Guinea and Australia and back for the American Museum of Natural History, and his expedition collected 20 plants which were unknown to American botanists and 15 new animals. While climbing Mount Wilhelm, Mr Archbold came upon a remarkable little bird like a brightly plumaged sparrow, a creature new to ornithologists.

Not only did the explorers meet with new animals, birds, and plants, but they found an unknown settlement of men and women so primitive that they had never seen a white man, and were living in all the simplicity of the Stone Age. Over 60,000 strong, these people seemed to be enjoying life, though their homes and rough tools belong to the nursery stage of civilisation.



## THE VISITORS

It is a rule at Clydebank shipyard, the home of the new liner which is to be known as Queen Elizabeth, that no visitors are allowed; but more than one visitor has inspected the huge liner which is rising above the stocks.

One of these unofficial visitors was a hedgehog which strolled round the dock a little while ago. Another was a weasel which seemed very interested in the work. The most recent visitor was a deer, which decided to inspect the liner. Swimming 900 yards across the Clyde, it went ashore in the shadow of the hull, gazed at the liner in wonder, and then made off, swimming the river and vanishing among the trees on the Blythwood estate.

## A FACTORY OF 25 ACRES

One of the most remarkable factories in Europe is that of the Fiat Company at Turin in Italy, producing cars and aerial engines.

The roof is used as a trial track for completed machines. The cars, made on the mass-production principle, ascend the building as they progress and arrive at the roof as finished articles. There each machine is tried by an expert, travelling the roof track in a flash. If it passes it descends to earth by a spiral track, by force of gravity alone.

The works have five miles of roads and seven miles of railway lines. An air shelter is formed beneath the works.

There are 22,000 workpeople, whose health and comfort are carefully studied. There are places for their working clothes, shower-baths, and restaurants, and the sports grounds and theatres afford ample opportunity for all sorts of recreations.

## THE LITTLE ADVENTURER

William Henderson is three. His father is a policeman in Perth, and their home is only about 200 yards from the railway.

William loves nothing more than watching the trains go by, and his mother has lifted him up to see them more times than she can remember.

A few days ago there was consternation in his home, for William was missing. The driver of an express had given a shrill whistle before bringing the train to a standstill in Perth station, and the whistle had been an invitation to William, who had quietly crept out of the house, smuggled himself on the train, and remained there till he was found 60 miles south by the guard.

## HELPING THE SCHOOL TO KEEP GOING

The biggest families are the happiest ones in Ashburton, a settlement near Auckland, where families with three or more youngsters of school age (provided they attend the local school) are given houses free of rent and with enough land for some cows! This wonderful offer was made to try and increase the number of pupils at the school, where the attendance had fallen to such an alarming extent that the school nearly had to be closed down.

## THE TOWNSMAN IN THE COUNTRY

Surely it must be ignorance of country life that is responsible for the mischief which increases when "camps" are established near farms and when ramblers abuse the land they enjoy.

Campers have of late been accused of stealing poultry and doing great mischief to property. Mr Wilfrid Mansfield, the agricultural pioneer, says there is now sometimes a real disadvantage for a farm to be on the outskirts of a town. He tells of the depredations of people who run riot over a farm, break down fences, leave gates open, trample down crops, and "abuse you if you point out to them that your farm is not a public recreation ground."

Perhaps the BBC might issue more warnings on these subjects. To the townsman the country may seem a place for careless treatment; to the countryman it is his life.

## The Dog That Was Not Lost

It is an old saying that one good turn deserves another, but the other day two Yorkshire folk found that sometimes one good turn necessitates another.

They were two golfers, who had finished a round of golf on a course about ten miles out of Bradford. Returning to their car rather late in the evening, they found a dog asleep near the wheel, and examination of its collar showed that it had a Bradford address. As no other Bradford golfers were then on the course, the two who had already made friends with the dog gave him a lift.

After a little searching they found the

address, but the owner of the house shook his head. He was sorry to say that the dog did not belong to him. What had happened, he explained, was that he had moved into the house a few days before, and the owner of the dog had gone to the golf course, where he had taken the post of steward.

As for the dog which was supposed to be lost, he was wagging his tail and looking very pleased with his unexpected ride. Having done one good turn, the two golfers felt that they were bound to do another, so they drove back and returned the dog which had never been lost.

## THE IDLE ARMY

Despite the improvement in employment, a long list of persons out of work for considerable periods is officially revealed. Here are the out-of-works for the latest month, in which the calculation has been made.

For 12 months or more .. ..	274,000
For 9 to 12 months .. ..	56,000
For 6 to 9 months .. ..	118,000
For 3 to 6 months .. ..	175,000
Total .. ..	623,000

This is a big army. Add to it 731,000 out of work for periods not exceeding three months, and we get a number (1,354,000) which amounts to a reproach to the nation.

## A THRILL FOR THE NATIVES

More than 10,000 natives who live round about Kampala, the chief commercial centre of Uganda, are being given a great treat. They listen-in to wireless programmes which are sent out from the town by a land-line to which loudspeakers are connected. The villagers listen open-mouthed to African music, or more educational programmes such as talks on cotton growing; but what thrills them most of all is the description of a football match.

## GOOD NEWS OF BLACK AND WHITE

The good news from America includes the amalgamating of the Methodist Churches of the North and South. This will be another great step forward in America's coloured people problem, for the Methodist Churches of the south will bring a host of black people to mix with the host of white from the north.

## THE COLOUR SIGNALS

The old semaphore railway signalling will soon be quite obsolete. The railways are rapidly installing all-electric colour light signalling.

The new installation at Victoria Station, London, replaces five manually operated boxes, measures 73 feet long by 27 feet wide. About 150 miles of wire and cable were used in the building. There are 225 working levers. An electrically illuminated diagram of the whole area controlled is mounted above each of the three signal frames, on which is recorded the exact movement of traffic into and out of the station.

## A RING FROM THE SKY

We are told that a ring dropped from an aeroplane flying over Sacramento (California) was picked up by a lady in the street at whose feet it fell and duly returned to a passenger in the plane to whom the ring was given by President Roosevelt.

## TRAVELLING POST OFFICE

The GPO has now two mobile units giving almost a complete service.

Each van is 33 feet long and has its own electric power plant. The vehicle is connected to local cables and from it local and trunk telephone calls can be made, telegrams may be sent and received, and all the usual post office business may be conducted with the exception of parcels, money order, and bank transactions. At big sporting events and agricultural shows the travelling post offices are proving very popular. At Wimbledon during the Lawn Tennis Championships many visitors much appreciated the fact that letters were dispatched every two hours.

## BEAUTY FOR ASHES

A little while ago Ingleton in Yorkshire determined to hide the ugly colliery dump which had long spoilt the neighbourhood. Their plan was to level it as much as possible and plant it with trees.

It is good to know that the idea has been carried out. Much work has been done by the local unemployed, and about 1500 trees have already been planted, some given by local people and some by the Men of the Trees.

## ALL FIRMS PLEASE FOLLOW

A laundry firm at Chorley have had their 25 motor drivers trained as First Aid men and a notice has been put on each of their vans that the drivers are at the service of the public in case of accident, and that each van carries first aid equipment. It is an admirable idea.

## A FEAST IN THE HILLS

Among the hundreds of Methodists and friends who the other day attended the Peakland Pentecost in the old barn standing in the shadow of the grim rocks known as Alport Castle, were four grand old folks who climbed the 2000 feet over Kinder Scout to attend the feast.

Readers of the Editor's volume on Derbyshire will know that it was here that John Wesley sheltered during his frequent visits to his scattered flock in the more lonely Derbyshire valleys. The old barn has great religious traditions, not only for Methodists but for Protestants in general, for it was in it that the Covenanters of the Peak took refuge on St Bartholomew's Day in 1662, when 36 clergymen in the North Midlands were deprived of their living because they would not accept the conditions of the Act of Conformity.

## BOTTLE MAIL

A week or two ago Miss Worthington wrote to her sister, Miss Sybil Worthington of Cheddleton in Staffordshire.

She was on her way to Jamaica, and the only way to send a letter, it seemed, was by the mailboat, which meant waiting a few days. But Miss Worthington knew a trick worth two of that. She put her letter in a bottle, which she threw overboard off the Azores.

We might be forgiven for thinking that this was the silliest way of getting a letter delivered, but the bottle was picked up by a fisherman, who promptly posted the letter, with the result that it arrived with a Portuguese postmark sooner than it could have done had it been posted in the ordinary way.

## 135 M P H

A rail car owned by the German State Railways has travelled a considerable distance between Hamburg and Berlin at a speed of more than 124 miles an hour. Its maximum speed was over 135 m.p.h. The train was in three sections, and the car was equipped with two Maybach Diesel motors developing 1200 horse-power.

## A PETER PAN LEAGUE

Are you a Peter Pan? Of course you are, for Peter Pan (like the CN) is a symbol of the Spirit of Eternal Youth.

There is today a Peter Pan League, and it is working in all sorts of ways for a cause Sir James Barrie always had at heart, the cause of sick children.

He gave to Great Ormond Street Hospital, the biggest children's hospital in the world, the whole of the money paid for the privilege of acting his beautiful play Peter Pan, so that everyone who goes to this play is helping the hospital.

More, much more, money is needed for this hospital, and the Peter Pan League has been formed to raise funds for it. Its members are found all over the country, organising plays, sales of work, and so on, and the CN hopes that many of its readers, its Peter Pan readers young and old in years but not in heart, will join. A letter to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, W C 1, will bring back full information.



Nurses of Great Ormond Street Hospital with happy young patients at the Hospital's Convalescent Home for children, at Tadworth in Surrey.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 22

1939

## Too Much Rubbish in a House

NEVER before was so much building done in our country as since the Great War ended.

All building materials have risen seriously in price, and wages have also increased. Before 1914 a sound cottage with three bedrooms could be built for £150; now the same building would cost from two to three times as much. This rise in costs has led to the wide use of inferior materials and substitutes, because the saving by using them means so much to the builder.

As for the fittings of houses, the use of poor locks, handles, bolts, and other fastenings is usual. From a building merchant's catalogue we take the item that three-inch mortise locks can be bought for 16s a dozen. That is to say, all the locks for a six-roomed cottage can be bought for less than 8s. So usual it is to use such cheap stuff that a big ironmonger, asked for a strong thumb latch, supplied a weak one for 10d, the best he stocked.

Building is the trade above all in which the best alone is good enough. Externally the weather plays havoc with poor material, and internally domestic use soon exposes rubbish for what it is. The C.N. pointed out recently a judge's severe condemnation of a house that cost £700, a case in which there was no excuse for poor building. Houses sold for £400 or £500 are often made of the poorest materials.

There are a few items which are cheap and good. For example, there are the ready-made Columbian pine doors which we import from Canada. These are made of good material as a rule and stand well. Such doors can be bought for less than a pound.

It is suggested that both the builders and the public would gain if standards were imposed on the trade. We need universal building byelaws, setting out definite standards.

Millions of pounds have been invested by the public in buying homes by instalments, and too often it is true that the houses bought make heavy demands for repair within a year or two.

These things matter to us all, and they mean very much to the wife, who in most of the nation's houses does all the housework. She ought to have the best appliances in the shape of baths, boilers, cookers, sinks, plate-racks, larders, and so on. Too often she has to manage with inefficient tools. There should be, above all, a standard for the working part of a house, giving every woman proper help in her great task of home-making.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## How Long, O Government?

IT is simple to reel off road casualty figures, but brief statistics have no power to bring home to us the sorrowful tragedies to which they relate.

Not a week passes without some heart-rending loss which changes life for many people and too often robs a family of its head.

The losses of little children still account for no small part of the death record, and the stories of young lives cut short are pitiable. Two little girls went hand-in-hand to church, only to be run down and instantly killed. A mother was crossing the road with her child of seven when a car driven at 73 feet a second swept the child out of her hand to death.

One such story would be shameful enough; the tragic truth is that such stories have become a commonplace of our time. How long, O Government, is this tragedy to continue?

## A German Book About Us

COUNT PUECKLER, a German journalist, has written a book about us which is being widely read in Germany.

The Count says that we cannot afford to be an aggressor nation, and that our British possessions compel us to adopt a moral attitude in international affairs.

He thinks we are not decadent, but that we cannot go to war for too small a breach of our rights. Nevertheless, he thinks that the point has come when we cannot give way any longer.

It seems to us very significant that such a book should be allowed to be circulated in Germany now.

## The Wrong Place For Hospitals

WE are asked to give expression to a growing feeling that our hospitals should not advertise on the public highway.

It is a right feeling, for such advertisements offend the instincts of all who love the countryside, and create a feeling of indignation among thousands of supporters of charities.

## The Professor's Salary

THE story has just been told that Professor Einstein, who was turned out of Germany and offered a professorship at Princeton University, was asked what salary he would require. Einstein replied, and the governing body of the University were aghast, writing to Einstein that it was not consistent with their traditions to give what he had asked and saying they must be allowed to give him three times as much.

## Copyright of the B B C

THE long-suffering public is still waiting for the disappearance of the loud-speaker which bellows its unwanted noises on the street; anybody passing daily through Camberwell and Peckham knows how offensive it is.

While Parliament does nothing in this and many other matters, might it not be worth while to consider whether this Public Nuisance Number One, with his set turned on like thunder at his shop door, is not infringing the copyright of the B B C?

Perhaps Sir Stephen Tallents, who attends so admirably to the public relations of the B B C, will consider this opportunity of one more public service.

## The Pool Letters

A SERIOUS evil attending the football pool craze is that an increasing number of postmen are convicted of stealing postal orders.

It is a great pity that the whole of these transactions cannot be stopped. Why should anyone be allowed to employ a big staff to deal with football coupons? The nation needs them for better work.

When a human being loses hope it is useless to expect reason of him, let alone resolution. Emily Brontë

## JUST AN IDEA

That was capital advice given to boys by Lord Mottistone the other day—that they should regard all friends as friends for life and all enemies as possible friends.

## Under the Editor's Table

A SCHOOLBOY says he doesn't want to win an examination as he wouldn't know what to do with it.

THE boy who is good at arithmetic often tries to add to his reputation.

FARMERS think a drought is beyond a joke. Do not care for dry humour.

YOU do not see many wild pure white rabbits. White ones are so easily spotted.

## Peter Puck Wants to Know



If sailors like to turn the tide

YOU can always tell an American, declares a traveller. But not much that he doesn't know.

HIKERS cover a good deal of ground. Especially if they have large feet.

ROADS are excellent in the Highlands. You would think they would be always up.

THE small business man rarely gets a holiday. He is always short.

## Vain are the Thousand Creeds

Thousands of people are going to see the film of Wuthering Heights by Emily Brontë. May we hope that thousands more will read this poem by her, a thousand times more important than the film?

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life—that in me has rest,  
As I, undying Life, have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;  
Worthless as withered weeds  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide embracing love  
Thy spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And Thou wert left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void.  
Thou, Thou art being and breath,  
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

## Life is More Than Money

A ROYAL Commission is hearing evidence on Workmen's Compensation, and it is being brought out very clearly that men are often robbed of their legal recompense because of heavy costs.

One railway case cost the Men's Union £3733, and the costs of the railway company were £1930. The costs for one side only in the average County Court case are £200.

What Parliament should do is to change the whole basis of compensation. Every trade should have its Mutual Compensation Society, to which all the employers in the trade would be compelled to subscribe. The employers would get insurance at cost price and workmen would be more secure. Such a system would also prevent accidents by making employers more anxious and efficient.

Life is more than money, and no money compensation for death or injury can be adequate. We want a system that saves life.

## Many Ways and Many Days

I go mine, thou goest thine, many ways we wend,  
Many ways and many days, ending in one end.

Many a wrong and its crowning song,  
Many a road and many an inn,  
Far to roam, but only one home for all the world to win. George Macdonald



# THE BROKEN DREAM OF WILBUR WRIGHT

## His Aeroplane of Peace Has Grown Into the Terror That Flies by Night

THE great tragedy of the world began with a laugh. Half comedy, half tragedy, is the life of man.

It is only a generation or so since men were laughing at the thought of flying. You might as well have talked of the rocks melting in the sun. It is less than forty years since one of the cleverest scientists in England, speaking to a little group of men in Fleet Street, said it was quite easy for a man to fly; he had only to wave his arms about for a thousand years. It is just 30 years next week since the first man flew to England. Only three years before that event Alfred Harmsworth offered ten thousand pounds to the first man who flew from Manchester to London, and one of our clever evening papers followed with the offer of a million to the first man to fly to the moon. Most of us were laughing then at the thought that a man could ride in the sky.

But one man was not laughing. He was a bicycle repairer in Ohio, Wilbur Wright. He worked with his brother Orville, and they had the idea that men might be able to fly after all. Men had been up in balloons, carried into the clouds by fire and gas; why should they not ride on the wind? The brothers began to glide. They were working it out when the nineteenth century ended, and before the new century was three years old they had made three flights. They were immortal.

### Before the Wrights

But let us not forget our Englishman who would have beaten them but for an ill wind that blew. He was Percy Pilcher, who was trying to fly over the fields of Kent years before the Wrights were thinking of it in Ohio. It is one of the bitter things in this great human story that the Englishman who had the secret of flight in his grip crashed in a glider just too soon to make himself immortal.

Long before the world had heard of Wilbur Wright our English Percy Pilcher was startling the birds in the quiet country within an hour's motor ride of London (there were no motors then), by gliding from hill to hill in a little dip of the Darent Valley. I am looking on it as I write, across the roses and lawns and cedars which stretch away from my hilltop. They are smiling as if they could almost clap their hands, so lovely are these rolling fields with the harvest coming on, patches of gold here and there, and acres of birch woods like a dark shadow by the sunlit dip of Magpie Bottom where Percy Pilcher came with his Hawk, the last of four gliders built at Eynsford in 1896. Looking down from his seat in the clouds is a man in a thousand horse-power plane; little does he know that the idea which raised him to the skies was born in these little hills.

A queer thing it was that Percy Pilcher began with, built mostly of bamboo and weighing 50 pounds. He would glide 100 yards and come safely down, and once, with a horse instead of his sister pulling him, he glided twice as far at 25 miles an



Wilbur Wright

and Arthur Mee

hour. He was going as fast as George Stephenson's Rocket. He had found out the power he would need to carry the Hawk in flight, and had been to America to find an engine small enough, but in 1897 no man had ever made a four horse-power engine, and Pilcher came home to make one for himself. He was an engineer, and full of enthusiasm as he set to work making his engine, for he was convinced that he could fly. The Hawk, with its petrol motor, was to carry him to eternal fame.

Alas for the plans that men make! He was still busy on his engine in 1899 when he crashed in Lord Braye's park in Leicestershire. He was 34, and he was the English pioneer of flight. It is humanly certain that he would have succeeded with his engine if he had not crashed, and in that case he would have been the first man to fly—he would have surpassed the fame of Wilbur Wright, and the little dip on which I look down from Eynsford Hill would have been the cradle of the aeroplane. Yet men were still laughing at flying in those days, and they were laughing at Pilcher.

But the brothers in Ohio were working it out, and soon they were gliding as Pilcher had done. Soon they were flying, and Wilbur Wright was the first man in the world to ride the clouds in a machine that was heavier than air, thought out with his own brain and made with his own hands. He had conquered a new world.

### The Peasants Looking On

Yet little the world heard of him until he came to Europe—and little enough then, for nobody took much notice of this quiet man in his leather jacket who set up a wooden shed at the foot of the Pyrenees and tried to make a great contraption fly. It was the mystery of the neighbourhood. Days went by and nothing happened. Weeks went by, and the peasants about the shed began to jeer.

And then one day the great doors of the wooden house swung open and out came Wilbur Wright, out came Orville Wright, out came a dozen men with

them, and out came a great ungainly structure which everybody laughed to see—a huge thing of wood and canvas, full of wires and bars and levers, pulled along the grass on wheels. The peasants laughed more than ever. This was the thing they had waited weeks to see, and as it was drawn into the middle of the field the little crowd jeered again. But Wilbur did not hear them, he was in his seat and his mind was in the skies. The men were at the ropes ready to pull.

One! shouted Wilbur.

Un! jeered back the crowd.

Two! he shouted.

Deux! jeered back the crowd.

Three! he shouted.

Then the peasants jeered no more, for Wilbur Wright was flying among the birds. It was the first time a man had flown in Europe, and he came down never to be mocked again, for these people who had thought him a crank fell on his neck and kissed him.

There was no more laughing now. The gates of a world were opening; the dream of ages was fulfilled.

### Riding in the Sky

We gathered about this little wonder man in his shed and watched him tapping, waiting for hours and some days waiting in vain, though other days he would come out and we would all clutch at the rope and pull to give his aeroplane a start. The sight of it rising slowly in the air would hold us breathless lest it should fall, and as it sailed away the thought of the man sitting there between the huge wings, sailing on and on until this big ungainly thing itself was like a bird, we were breathless still, for it was passing out of sight over the Pyrenees, and every heart was beating a little faster lest it should not come back. This is what I wrote home that night: it is one of the first descriptions ever written of a man riding in the sky:

Out of this wooden shed (so rough a place for the beginning of the flight of man) came Wilbur Wright. There was a sound of whirring wheels; a man was oiling the propellers; Wilbur Wright was moving.

He dragged a clumsy stool across a floor of dust, stepped in among the wires, filled a huge jug with petrol, and climbed up with it on to the stool. Two jugfuls of petrol go into the pipes, and down he comes.

He goes into his room, and comes out in his black leather jacket. He is going to fly. The lumbering thing comes out on wheels. Slipping off its wheels, it rests on the rail. The men start the engine by turning the propellers. A dozen people take hold of a rope and pull up the weights that are to give the aeroplane momentum to start. Wilbur Wright sits down on one of the two little slabs of wood with arms like a child's swing. Then—swish!—swish!—he goes along the rail into the middle of a field, and at the end of the rail the man-bird rises in the air.

Away he flies, on and on. The great machine becomes a thing of grace and beauty. It curves this way and that; it rises high and falls low; it goes straight and spins round; it dips and bends like the wings of a bird; it flies to the hills until it looks in the distance like a motor-car dashing along the snow-covered ridges of the Pyrenees. It flies at forty miles an hour over the tree-tops until it has gone from sight, and then, after ten minutes, the man-bird comes back, racing a bird that flies beside him, and comes straight over our heads.

Now we see the man-bird clearly, see him sitting on his seat, his face set stern and straight, knowing nothing of the little crowd below, his eyes fixed ahead, his hand grasping the levers that control the engine and keep him a hundred feet above us.

The flying machine is alive. No longer is it a great ungainly thing. It moves like the wings of a bird, under the most perfect government of this simple, wonderful man, flying above us and about us for half an hour, and coming down at our feet like (what shall I say to be true?), like a feather on the breeze. Like that exactly. The end of it was amazing, beyond belief. This great thing that had grown beautiful before our eyes came down from the skies and rested gently on the ground without a tremor or a jolt. It was a thrilling and splendid and historic thing.

We sat down to lunch that day a happy little group, and I sat next to Wilbur Wright. We talked of a hundred things as if this miracle had not happened. It was a few years before the war, and I remember that Lord Balfour had just been told by a famous general that he knew for certain that the Germans were coming next year. It was no longer possible to say jokingly that "the Germans will come when they fly," for next to me sat a man who had flown, and no man knew what would come next.

I asked Wilbur Wright what he thought would happen to the plane—whether it would come to be like a train some day and carry many people, or whether it must remain a small thing and carry one or two? He thought it would always be small, never carrying more than one or two.

### A Statesman's Wit

I asked him what would be the use of so great a thing as this, so costly, so difficult to house, if it could take up only one man. Lord Balfour was listening, and before the flying man could answer, the statesman's wit prompted him to give his own version of the benefit of flying in two words. "Solitary bliss," said Lord Balfour. As for Wilbur Wright, he thought that the aeroplane, though it would remain a small thing, would be a great instrument for peace by quickening up communication and bringing together more closely the peoples of the world. He would have had no pleasure in inventing it unless he thought it would help to abolish war.

That was the dream of the first man to fly, the dream that the aeroplane

Continued on page 8



# O Land of Now, O Land of Then, Dear God, the Dreams, the Dreams of Men

Continued from page 7

would bring peace in its wings; the dream of the first statesman to talk with him was that it might bring solitary bliss.

*O land of Now, O land of Then,  
Dear God, the dreams, the dreams of men.*

There never was a simpler man than Wilbur Wright, and there never was a more honest man. At the height of his fame his delight was in his brother, his sister, and his plane. He cared nothing for such things as wealth and fame and power. He never wanted them. He came from the people and he loved the people and he wanted the world to have peace.

Most of us may have asked ourselves at times if men will be beaten by the things they make. Some of us may have asked ourselves if God can be sorry He made man. All of us have probably said to ourselves that it is a pity man invented flight. This marvellous plane that skims the air with the grace and ease of a bird is like the creature of Mrs Shelley's Frankenstein: man has made it and is afraid of it. It flies across the skies like the Shadow of Death. It fills mankind with fear. All the dark stories of Satan and his works are not more terrible than the story of the aeroplane.

It came into the world before mankind was ready for so wonderful a thing. It has a tremendous power for good. It can bring help to people in distress in lonely places. It can find lost people. It can take a doctor almost anywhere. It can cross the Atlantic in a day and run round the world in a week. It has made distance almost of no account. But this beneficent power has been turned to desperate ends. It was only a year or two old, Wilbur Wright had only just flown in Europe, when Italy dropped the first bomb from the skies. Man's brain moves fast; his soul lags far behind. He was not ashamed to

take this power that made him like a bird and use it in a way that made him like a beast. The pen that is writing these words now, wrote these words then:

A terrible thing is happening in the world before our eyes. The powers of evil are capturing the power of science, sowing the seed of darkness and destruction over the world we shall leave to our children.

This will find its way into the hands of a vast army of lovers of children all over the world. For them, and for those who come after them, these words are written.

You love your boy, your girl; you have built up for them the conditions of human happiness; you will leave them behind in a world which you are making for them. You are sowing the harvest that they will gather; you are sowing a beneficent field of wheat, you are sowing a field with good things and true things as far as in you lies. But now before our eyes, in the full light of the noonday sun, an enemy comes and sows tares: a malevolent field of terror that your children will reap. *Stay his hand.*

## The Flying Man's Legacy

It is not easy to resist the flying man's appeal to the imagination. We are living in one of those periods when there must come into the minds of thoughtful men a vast conscious pride of race—not the pride of a tribe or a nation, but the pride of humanity. As the conquests of armies fill men with the pride of nations, so the conquests of science thrill men with a nobler pride in which race is one.

Something of this comes into our minds as we read of the conquest of the air. It is a thing that stirs the imagination. The making of highways in the air is one of those triumphs of the mind that are milestones in human evolution.

But the only legacy the flying men offer to the world is a legacy of darkness and death. Not for the first time the powers that make for war are capturing the imagination of the people, and hardly

a voice is raised to warn men of the new evil coming into the world.

Surely, as man arrives at these milestones in his march to destiny, a solemn duty rests upon all who have to do with the guidance of the nations and the government of men. Is the mind of man

to be for ever bent on destruction? Is it a wild dream to ask that at least the air shall be free from the fiend of war, that the songs of birds shall not give place to the noise of cannon, that the sun that gives us life shall not be hid by aerial processions of engines of death?

Shall it be said in fifty years that the statesmanship of this scientific age let slip from its hands the power of directing a new science in its infancy, and, instead of checking the area of human misery, allowed the supreme terror of mankind to rage free on land and sea and in the very heavens? Is there no voice to say that the genius of mankind shall not for ever be sold to War Offices and Admiralties and turned against mankind and our children; but that this new triumph of man shall become a step, not downward in the devastation of the race, but upward in the world's ascent to

*That far-off divine event*

*To which the whole Creation moves?*

## The Giant Plane Arrives

It was a voice crying in the wilderness. Now a great catastrophe was to fall upon the world. The Great War burst on Europe, destroyed ten million lives, wasted fifty thousand million pounds, and shattered the strength of all nations. But all things end, and it seemed at the end of the war that the dream of Wilbur Wright might yet come true.

As the war ended the bomber arrived; the plane that was to drop bombs from the sky came just too late to end the War and just in time to begin the Peace. What might now be done to put this power of flight to nobler uses?

It was waiting for us, and the opportunity was there. We were masters of the world and could set out on a new era for mankind with all its powers. The little aeroplane of Wilbur Wright had grown into a giant; no more need we think of men going up in only ones or twos, for the war had ended only an hour or two when Handley Page brought out of one of his vast sheds a plane that would have staggered Wilbur Wright.

I lived that autumn afternoon through an hour of incredible wonder. I did a thing beyond the dreams of any man who ever lived before this age of ours. I rode with four engines into the clouds. It was surely the most astounding journey on which men and women had ever been, for

it was the first time so many people had been up together in the sky.

We left the earth at four o'clock on November 15 in the year of what we used to call the Victory of the Allies, and we came down after 25 minutes. In that time we had flown over London 6000 feet up at a hundred miles an hour, and in that 25 minutes had been accomplished the greatest feat then known in human flight. It was only a year or two since I had asked Wilbur Wright what was the good of building a big thing like this to carry one man, and here were forty of us going up. In him the dreams of centuries came true; in a few short years Handley Page had travelled beyond the dreams of Wilbur Wright.

He had made the first great bombing plane to drop bombs on Berlin. It was hoped it would end the war, and happily the war ended a few days too soon for it. It was the biggest plane then in the world (counting three others which were already out in France, waiting to be sent on their desperate mission when the war ended and stopped their plans). They were the secret possessions of the Allies, and it was not until peace came again upon the world that their existence could be made known. We found Number Four about 90 minutes old, being pulled from under its roof by a traction engine, and it occurred to Mr Page to test it with human beings instead of bombs—the first big party which had ever flown.

## A Window in the Sky

We crept through a trap-door into the spaces inside. Nine or ten of us crept into the first little space; when this was full they filled the next; when that was full they filled the next. We stood up, holding on to a wire; or sat in the corner or lay on the floor. We could walk about as we pleased; the one thing we must not do was to touch the pilot's wires that ran from his seat to the rudder and the wings. We could lie and dream of the wonder of it all, or could peep through little round holes in the floor or through slits and windows at the side. I stood at a window and watched the world grow less and less.

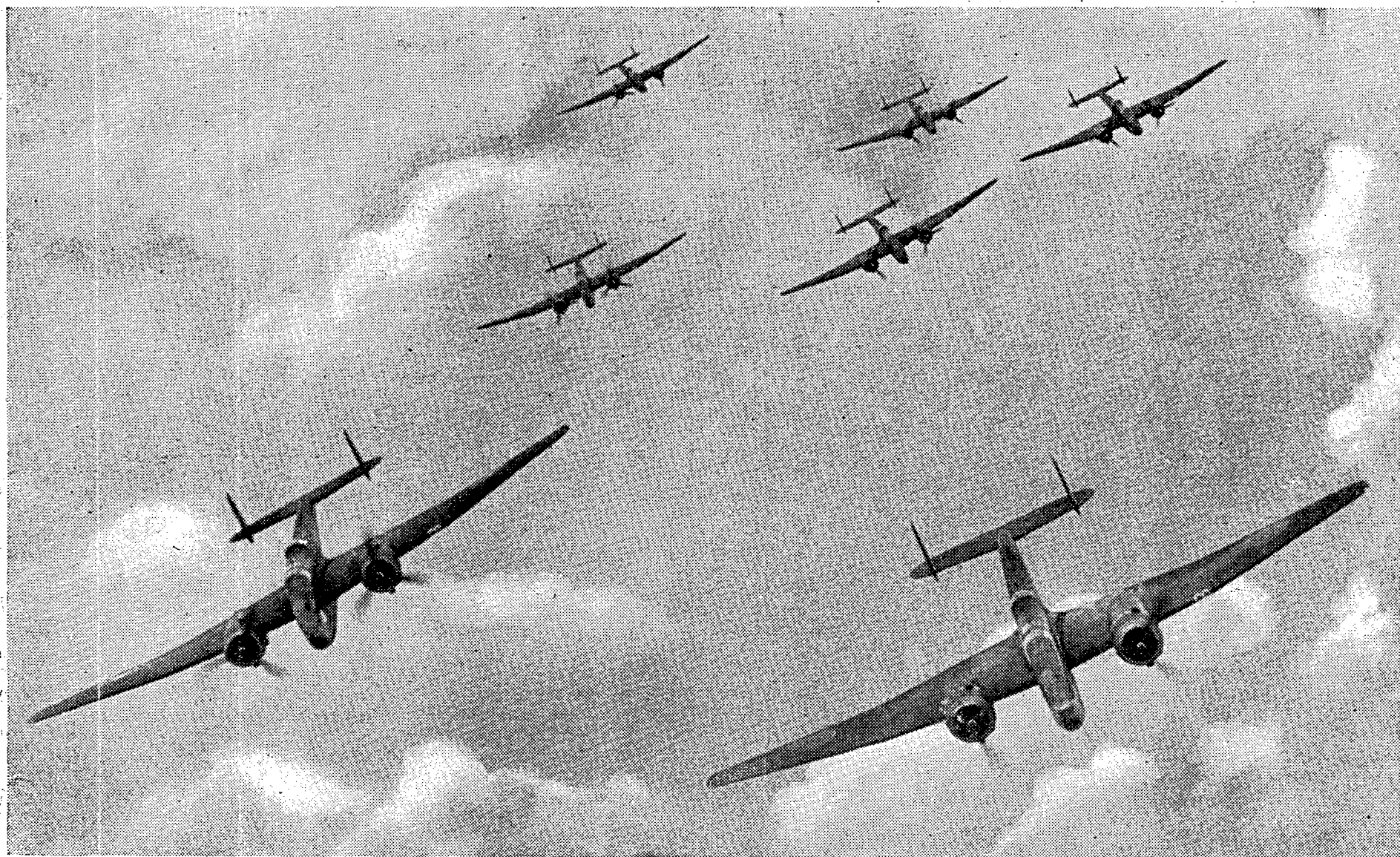
We rose so gently that we could not tell when we had left the earth. Higher and higher we rose, till the long streets seemed as straight as rulers, the fields were tiny patches, and the houses looked like pictures in a book. Looking down through the openings in the floor, London was clearly visible; looking across through the window at the side, the white ocean of cloud stretched everywhere.

Never before since the first wheel went round had forty people been carried at a speed like that.

The sun was setting like a fire round the edge of the great white clouds; the engines stopped, so that we could hear our voices when we spoke; the lights appeared in the streets below like stars, and we came down by the light of the moon to find Mr Page waiting, wondering where we were. We had been lost in the clouds, it seems, and he had been ringing up the aerodromes and putting out flares. There have been great rides in the clouds since then, and will be many more; but it was the end of a daring adventure at the aerodrome at Cricklewood when the first great load of flying passengers came down.







So the Peace Plane was ready for the victorious nations at the height of their power; the world was at the Dawn of Wireless and the Dawn of Flight. A little humanity, a little justice, and mankind was ready to march to its millennium. Even yet it might be that the dream of Wilbur Wright would be fulfilled, and that the nations, with the power of speaking instantly across the world and the power of moving about it in undreamed-of time, would live as brothers and good neighbours in a world with no more war. The power was in their hands. Alas, that it was thrown away. The men who died could win the War, the

men who lived have lost the Peace. Never have nations fallen so low as in these years since the military despotisms were laid in the dust and the democracies of Europe were masters of the world. Across the graves of millions of heroic men falls the shadow of the Great Betrayal. We have not been faithful to our solemn trust; we who have seen the Great War spring from a broken word have broken our word too. The Aeroplane of Peace has become the terror that flies by day and the assassin that creeps by night.

No nation is guiltless of the sin against the Holy Ghost which has

plunged the world in a few short years into the foulest barbarism that ever entered a Satanic mind. No more are men to march out to war; war is to come to every street, and death to fall like rain. If that were all, things might be worse, but the bombing plane is not so merciful as to put us all to sleep; it must break us and maim us and blind us and poison us, and tear us limb from limb. It must fling its bombs not only on strong men and their sons, but on their mothers and sisters and their little children. This plane that Wilbur Wright invented to give us peace has brought a cancer to the heart of man and struck an

assassin's blow at civilisation itself. One hope alone the whole world has—the hope that lies in the universal dread of this foul thing. The world is filled with fear. No land is free from the assassin's bomb. If it should fall in Paris or in London the life we know is at an end. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of, and we must pray that the madness of the nations will pass, that decency will come into the world again, and that faith, hope, and charity, these three, will return to the hearts of men.

The Broken Dream of Wilbur Wright is taken from a little shilling volume in the series of Arthur Mee's Rainbow Books.

## CIVILISATION BACK TO THE STONE AGE

It is an irony that the latest advances in science, directed to destructive ends, should drive us back to the habits of the first known of human beings, the men and women who lived in caves.

It is in caves of tremendous antiquity that we find their remains, and with them the marvels of art which they wrought with brush and chisel.

Today, wherever there is chalk or sandstone near important centres of industrial population there caves and shelters are being dug as sanctuaries for civilians in time of war. The great sandstone rock on which Nottingham Castle stands is in reality a gallery of such refuges, which run completely round its interior, well below foundation level; and this, with other refuges cut in the rock with which the town abounds, is to be used for such defensive purposes. Until about a quarter of a century ago there were still inhabited cave dwellings in

Nottingham, and these may find a new use such as their original owners never pictured.

Ramsgate's chalk is to have a great tunnel surrounding the town capable of sheltering the entire population. Chislehurst has caves extending under a great part of its beautiful common, and these may become again Government stores as they were during the Great War. It was then suggested to Lord Kitchener, who had never heard of them, that they were a better place than exposed Woolwich Arsenal for the keeping of explosives. He acted on the advice, and the Chislehurst caves became one of the greatest munition dumps in the country. When King George the Fifth visited them at the conclusion of the war the caves still housed over 50,000 tons of explosives and were connected by a siding with the railway.

Quarries and man-made caves of which the general public know nothing

became the repository of munitions as they were poured out from the factories during last year's crisis, and the labour has not ceased.

But it is the return of human beings to the caves that reminds us of the men of prehistoric times. Caves were the first of human homes. There were caves underground and there were caves in high rocks and cliffs, not only in an America ages before Columbus, but in Africa, in Palestine, in France, in Spain, and in England.

The safety of the subterranean caves depended mainly on the secrecy of the ways to them. The cliff caves were reached by steps cut in the face of the rock which half a dozen men could hold against an army, or by means of ladders that could be drawn up when the owners had retreated into the recesses.

Not only were human beings thus sheltered: their horses and cattle were drawn up by means of windlasses,

pulled into caves hewn out for them, and kept in safety till the enemy had withdrawn. We hope our new caves will never be needed, but more and more are coming into existence every week wherever the country affords chalk or sandstone—in case the necessity should arise!

The cave man's architecture left one abiding mark on civilisation. Copying ancient models, the first Christians burrowed into the earth to build their secret churches; when toleration of their faith made such hiding unnecessary the subterranean churches became the crypts of those built above, while every new church or cathedral was furnished with a crypt for the reception of dead saints, laid there in the secrecy and safety formerly sought by those who worshipped in fear of detection in hidden sanctuaries imitated from the shrouded dwellings in the earth and rocks of the ancient cave men from whom we all descend.



## PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH

### Why Does the Government Rent So Many Offices?

It is high time the Government considered the recommendation so widely offered to the householder to build his own house.

The Minister of Supply and the greater part of his staff are to be housed in the new Adelphi building overlooking the Embankment, a convenient and pleasant abode, which ought to stimulate the activities of the Minister's 800. None will grudge the rent, but why cannot the Supply Ministry be given quarters in a Government building?

An opportunity for building one exists just round the corner, where the new approach from Waterloo Bridge meets the Strand. The eastern corner is occupied by a group of shops and offices which would lower the dignity of the new approach if it remained. The LCC is planning there a roundabout, and is asking for powers to demolish buildings like the old Lyceum at the opposite corner to make room for it.

#### A Great Opportunity

We may surely hope that it will then occur to the LCC to seize the opportunity the Government has lost, and, having removed the block, to replace it with something worthy of Somerset House which it joins.

This is not the only corner in London which should not fail to catch the Government's eye, as it does now most painfully catch the eye of less influential people. There is, for example, the frontage of shops opposite Palace Yard and Big Ben at Westminster Bridge. Why cannot the Government pull that down and put up a Government building for its overflowing Ministries, instead of allowing them to flow into hired backwaters at various distances from the fountain-head of administration? Scotland Yard is enlarging itself next door, and the County Hall is doing the same on the other side of the Thames. *Why does the Government wait?* It is a penny wise policy and pound foolish, and it is a crime against the architectural future of London.

## The Stork and Its Flight

The evidence seems to suggest that the second attempt to get storks to fly unguided back to their birthplace is to be doomed to failure.

There are birds that find their way back to their nests wherever we carry them, sea birds flying overland, and land birds flying over sea, to reach the place where their homes were established, but it is possible that other birds have not this wide sense of direction, finding their way only to definite points of the compass. There may be birds that migrate from east to west and back again along those routes, and others from north to south and back. Probably the storks belong to a north-south group and have no faculty for an east-west route.

That storks fly from the north to the south every autumn and back in the spring is a fact as well established as anything in our knowledge of bird life. The latest returns from Uganda show that 12 white storks which had been ringed in Europe during the summer were down south throughout the European winter.

## Mars Now Very Near Us A WORLD OF SINGULAR SEASONS

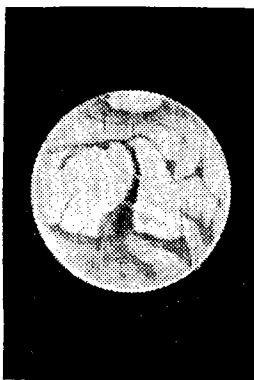
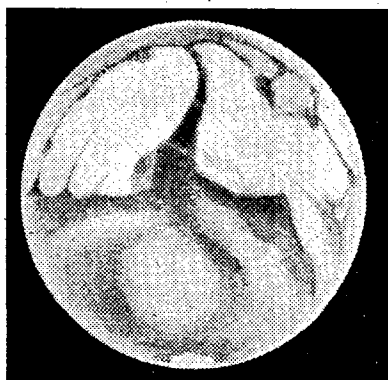
THE rosy planet Mars, now such a striking feature of the south-east sky late in the evening (writes the C N astronomer), will be at his nearest to us on Sunday, July 23; Mars will then be 36,030,000 miles away. This is much the nearest approach to our world since August 22, 1924, when he came exceptionally close and was but 34,637,000 miles away.

The nearness of Mars on this occasion accounts for his unusual brilliance, the greatest for 15 years. He can be seen

snowcap. This is now out of sight because of the different tilt of Mars as seen from the earth.

The present smallness of the snow area round the South Pole is due to the fact that Mars is now so much nearer to the Sun, by over 26 million miles as compared with March 1933. At intervals of about 687 of our days Mars thus approaches the Sun and reaches *perihelion*, but only at intervals of 15 or 17 years does the Earth happen to be near Mars at the time so as to enable us to see what takes place.

This much greater proximity always occurs when his southern hemisphere is inclined toward the Sun as pictured. The same thing occurs to the Earth, but to the extent of only about three million miles. So great is the difference on Mars that sometimes his southern snowcap vanishes altogether. We see that summers are



The relative sizes and appearances of Mars as seen now through a telescope, and, on the right, as seen in 1933

to be brighter even than Jupiter which towards midnight appears in the south-east, some way to the left of Mars and at very nearly the same altitude above the horizon. It is very rare for Mars to appear brighter than Jupiter.

This greater proximity of Mars considerably increases his apparent size as seen through a telescope. The extent of this is shown in the accompanying pictures of Mars. There, the Eastern Hemisphere, as it were, is presented in both examples, the 0 degree of longitude, corresponding to our Longitude of Greenwich, being very near to the left edge of each disc of Mars as shown. But the smaller right-hand picture shows Mars at his apparent size on the occasion of his nearest approach to us on March 4, 1933, when he did not come nearer than 62,678,000 miles. Then his North Pole with its brilliant snowcap was turned towards us and his striking continental markings were presented towards us at a different angle, as indicated.

In the left-hand picture of Mars it can be seen how very much larger he appears now, and that his South Pole with its snowcap is visible instead of its, relatively, very much larger northern

much hotter in his southern hemisphere, but they happen to be also much shorter than in his northern because then Mars is travelling much quicker in his orbit and gets over the course sooner, his southern summer lasting for only 147 Martian days as compared with a winter of 181 Martian days. A Martian day is 40 minutes longer than a terrestrial day.

Spring also lasts for only 149 days in the southern hemisphere of Mars as compared with a long autumn of 191 days. From this we see that Mars has a very long year of about 668 Martian days which amounts to 687 of our days. What a long time we would have to wait for a birthday or summer holidays on Mars!

Although the seasonal differences (as to length) would be reversed in his northern hemisphere and the extremes of summer heat and winter cold would be reduced, yet the seasonal differences would still remain very much greater than we experience on Earth. Nevertheless vegetation appears to flourish in both hemispheres in those regions which do not appear to be too arid. Further consideration of Mars will be given in a future article, so the pictures should be kept for reference. G. F. M.

## The Man Who Wrote Tom Bowling

It was, of course, an Englishman who gave England its most famous sea-songs. He was Charles Dibdin, the parish clerk's son who died 125 years ago this week.

Having a lovely voice, he became a chorister at Winchester. That might have been a stepping-stone to a good education, but the lad preferred to go to London, live with his uncle Tom, a sea-captain, work at a music warehouse, and hang about the theatres. When he was 17 he had composed an operetta, words and music, and it was accepted and acted at Covent Garden. At 20 he was the most popular singer in another operetta at Covent Garden. Then was revealed a peculiar feature in his character. He could not get on with the rest of the company. He attributed it to their jealousy of him, but the fact was that he could not work with people without quarrelling with them, and then they were lucky if he did not satirise them in his sketches and songs. At 23 he was contributing music to very successful pieces produced by David Garrick at Drury Lane, but made quarrelling a part of his routine till he was got rid of. Later he wrote many successful dramatic pieces with music,

abounding in popular songs. Acted at various theatres, every series ended with a quarrel with the management.

At last this quarrelling man started as an entertainer on his own account, singing, acting his musical sketches, sometimes in London, sometimes touring the country. His fertility was amazing. It is claimed that he wrote 1400 songs. His greatest success was with his sea-songs, of which he wrote about a hundred. They were to be heard everywhere, and were said to have sent more men into the navy in Nelson's day than the press-gangs gathered in. Most successful were Poor Jack, Ben Backstay, Twas in the good ship Rover, The Bells of Aberdovey, and the supremely fine Tom Bowling, written in commemoration of his uncle Tom, who died at sea.

To mark the national appreciation of Dibdin's sea-songs a pension of £200 a year was given to the composer by one government, but after a few years was withdrawn by another. Dibdin, who was then over 60, had retired at this time, but went into business as a music-seller and failed. He was assisted in his last years by a rally of his friends until he died at the age of 69.

## RIVALS OF THE CATERPILLAR

### Wool From the Cow

In the room on the right-hand side of the entrance to the Science Museum at South Kensington is some fluffy material which looks like wool, feels like wool, and almost is wool.

The difference is that it does not come from the sheep but from the cow. It is made from skimmed milk. The skimmed milk, chemically treated, is spun into fibres, and these cut into short lengths become artificial wool. They are not by any means pure wool, in spite of their likeness to the natural article, and they find their best use when they are thoroughly mixed with the sheep's wool fibre.

As casein yarn (their trade name) they can be woven in the machinery used for weaving worsted into cloth and other fabrics for daily wear. If by some unheard of mischance the sheep were to fail us we might find ourselves walking abroad in skimmed milk socks, or wearing skimmed milk underclothing. It is not so warm or comforting as the wool from the sheep, but it has made considerable strides since shown a year ago in Rome.

#### Fabrics That Cannot Ladder

Silk fibres, or rayon, have long since become a novelty, and have spread all over the globe, to rival not only natural silk but cotton. They are nearer cotton than silk. Cotton is nearly pure cellulose, which is the stuff lining the cells of plants, and is bark, or leaf fibre, or wood. The cellulose of wood is treated chemically so as to become a sticky mass, from which the threads of rayon, or artificial silk, can be drawn out. At the Science Museum are many examples of how these fibres are making their way in the world. They are made into yarns so strong that the silk stockings are left far behind. There are aeroplane fabrics which cannot ladder, sail cloths and linings of motor-car tyres, so that artificial silk fibres now go by road and sea and sky.

A new development of this fibre manufacture is Nylon, the first fibre to come, not from the animal or vegetable kingdoms, but from minerals. It is drawn from coal tar, air, and water, and its filaments may be made extremely strong or as fine as the threads of a spider's web.

#### An Apron of Glass

Another fibre of the mineral kingdom is glass. Spun glass has long been known. An apron of glass was shown as a marvel just before Queen Victoria was crowned; and at the time of the Great Exhibition small decorative baskets of Venetian spun glass were shown. But only in the last five years have glass fibres been brought to a sufficient fineness and suppleness to be made into woven and knitted fabrics. The Science Museum shows several such articles.

This is not all there is to see there. An American rayon has a permanent wave in it, and may compete with the skimmed milk wool; and the Japanese, not to be left behind in substitutes by the West, have sent from Tokyo fibres and yarn produced from seaweed. They look more like raw silk than rayon. The caterpillar must look to its laurels.



## LETTERS FROM GERMANY

Week by week the C N finds its way into Germany, and week by week come letters back to the Editor's desk.

It is pathetic to read them, with the appeals from hard-pressed people for whom life has been made worse than death. Many of the letters are from people who have only one desire left in the world—to get away from Germany. We give one or two of these letters.

**P**LEASE will you be so kind and give a notice in your paper. It is the only way for Brother and me to find a new home. My father returned from the concentration camp about a month ago but he had only a few weeks with us; my mother is very ill and not able to work.

I have been a children's nurse and have knowledge of needlework and dressmaking. My brother goes to school and is very willing. It would be a great relief if my mother could know that we have a home in England if we can get somebody to send us a permit to stay there. I am 17 in December, and my brother is now 12.

**I** BEG to ask your help for my son, now 16. The poor lad has already served a commercial apprenticeship in Vienna, but, being a Jew, is not allowed to continue his apprenticeship or to learn a handicraft, or ever to exercise it in after years. I myself can do nothing for him, being compelled to emigrate, but I am told that there are families in England willing to care for an emigrant's children, enabling them to earn a livelihood.

My son is a well-disposed intelligent lad of modest, gentle character and sound constitution. He is prepared to continue his apprenticeship or learn another practical profession, handicraft, or farming. Last year he attended in Vienna a training course for shoemakers.

**T**HE next letter comes to us from Geneva on behalf of the father of an Austrian girl refugee of 14 now at an English school. The mother has

died and the father, 64 years old, is alone, unable to earn money and having none. He is being exposed to every cruelty and sells his furniture bit by bit. He had formerly a little business, which was shut down when the Germans came to Vienna.

The next letter is from a German mother, and we feel it right to print it with an apology for anything that may have appeared in the C N to cause her any distress. This is her letter:

**M**ANY years I am a reader of the C N. I like the paper very much indeed, and trust you will understand my complaint.

I am a German, and during the war have been one year the wife of a submarine officer. I was much hurt that you called in the last number of the C N a German commander of a submarine a pirate. I cannot ask you to respect national feelings, but I can ask you to give the same estimation to German submarines as I do to yours.

I am sure the commander of that German submarine died for his country as the British lieutenant would have done, and I doubt if they would have despised one another. I assure you that I heard only talking with great respect from the German comrades of my husband of their British enemies, and so I am telling my children.

Will you not teach your children in their most splendid paper to show the greatest respect to brave deeds on either side? It is the first time I think you have sinned against the spirit of your paper; let it be the last time, and take these lines as they are meant from

A VERY SORROWFUL GERMAN MOTHER.

## Carrying On Adam's Good Work

**M**R EPSTEIN may insult Adam by making him a mess of stone, but Adam did one good thing which is now being carried on; he began the great work of naming the animals.

A notable work approaches completion this month with the issue of an international Zoological Dictionary comprising the names of 250,000 forms of animal life. It is the fruit of long cooperation between the naturalists of all nations, and has the London Zoological Society for its sponsors, with Dr Sheffield Neave, of the Imperial Institute of Entomology, as director.

The number of entries—a quarter of a million—sounds prodigious, yet, magnificent as is the work achieved, it but touches the fringe of the subject. Living things remain in millions of species for the scientists to name and describe in their books.

Naturalists on their travels are as anxious to discover a new species as travellers are anxious to discover a new island or a new people. But such a find cannot be called new until a type specimen has been sent to the Natural History Museum for comparison with all known forms of the class of life to which it is related.

The most rigorous investigation is necessary over the work or we should have the same variety of life existing under many names in various parts of

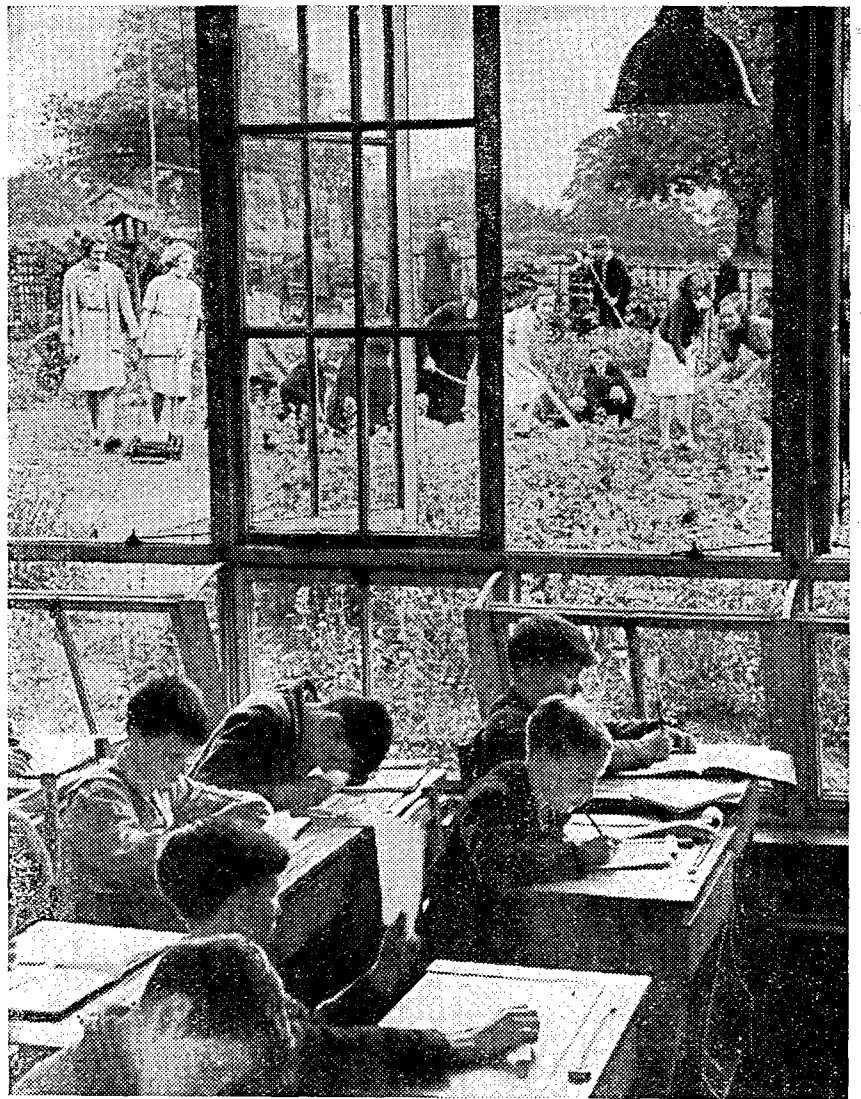
a continent or in separate continents. We have to group similarities into species, then groups of species into genera, groups of genera into families; these again into orders, orders into classes and classes into the divisions, called phyla, into which the other groups are assembled as main divisions of the tree of life.

Men of learning have been at the work for years toiling to map the scheme of living things. Accuracy is essential; in not one case must there be a repetition of a name, nor must there be a new name for what is just a new variety of an established species.

Knowledge is power in zoology. The instructed naturalist can tell at a glance which is a poisonous snake, which an innocent one; he can identify the gnat that devours and destroys the germs that cause deadly malaria, and the gnat which nourishes those germs in its digestive organs and so passes them on to slay human beings.

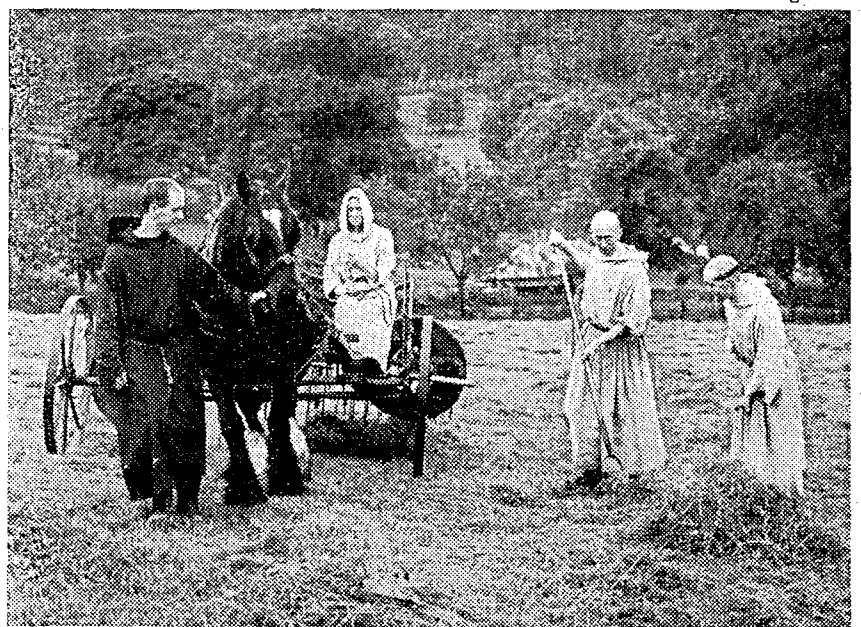
Just as infallibly he can detect the flea that carries the bacillus that has stricken mankind age after age with plague. All our frightful Black Death epidemics arose from the bite of one species of flea.

The new work, which will be in four volumes, is a step on the way towards a library that will some day embrace the greater part of animal creation.



LESSON TIME

Scholars of the South Featherstone Modern School at Purston in Yorkshire at work at their desks and in the school garden



MONKS IN THE FIELDS

Monks of Prinknash Abbey in Gloucestershire busy at haymaking

## Say It With Hollyhocks

**S**OLEMNLy, once a year, our bank makes us a present of blotting-paper with its name and address printed discreetly on one side. It is the proper thing. Banks do that. No one asks why.

And now along comes our old friend Mr J. M. Yost of the First National Bank of Pikeville, Kentucky, asking if a bank in a small country town could not spend its blotting-paper money to better advantage. For once he let his customers go without blotting-papers and bought hollyhock seeds instead. That was five years ago. Every autumn he has sent the bank's handy-man out to collect the dried seeds from the stalks, and last spring he gave away 5000 packets of holly-

hock seeds to his customers, besides planting hollyhocks along the roads that lead to Pikeville for 28 miles.

Some people would call this gardening. Mr Yost calls it banking. Discouraged people in drab surroundings make small use of a bank, he has observed. On the other hand, optimistic people in cheerful surroundings prosper, and their bank prospers with them. Free seeds do more to make Pikeville a joyous place to live in than free blotting-paper; and as for "what's done"—well, after all, isn't it a free country? We hope to live to shake hands with Mr Yost of Pikeville. Long may his hollyhocks bloom by the roadside!



## THE MIGRATION OF INSECTS

### Arrival of the Painted Lady

Probably few of us know that there is an Insect Migration Committee, or that insects migrate in the same way as birds.

Captain Dannreuther, Secretary of the Committee, says that the lovely Painted Lady butterfly was seen all along the south coast of England last month, one being captured even near John o' Groats, where it had laid eggs. Others have since been reported in the Isle of Wight and these should produce a fresh brood by the end of July.

Notice of this interesting migration was received from a veteran French observer, who reported over 500 Painted Ladies flying north from Rennes in Brittany at noon on June 8. Four days earlier some were seen coming in from the Mediterranean at Cavalaire in South-East France, showing a northerly migration on a broad front, which perhaps accounts for arrivals at Broadstairs and Margate on June 18.

The address of the Secretary of the Insect Migration Committee is Windycroft, Hastings, who is always glad to receive information.

### Story of a Pearl Necklace

Eight years ago an Arab called Ahmed ben Belkacem was talking to a lorry driver, M. Guillotin, employed by a factory at Riom, in Puy-de-Dome, in the centre of France.

The Arab said, "Well now, take this necklace for your little girl." M. Guillotin put it in a box and forgot all about it.

Three years later, Madame Guillotin found it and wanted to wear it herself. She took it to a jeweller to be shortened, and he turned it over in his hand and offered her 3000 francs for it. She caught her breath, but had the wit to ask 7000 francs. The jeweller was honest enough to call in an expert in pearls, who said it was worth 30,000 francs.

Thereupon the police quite properly impounded the necklace, and for five years have been trying to find Ahmed ben Belkacem, or any original owner.

Now the necklace has been handed over to the daughter of M. Guillotin.

### The Leaves of the Trees

Look at the leaf of a tree, so marvellously made. It toils not, neither does it spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

**Alder.** Alder has a very distinct leaf, broad towards the tip. The tree cannot stand drying out in summer, and so is found generally along streams and rivers. It is a quaint smallish tree something the shape of a fir, and covered in winter with little dark cones. The old trees are most picturesque, and old and young are loaded in early spring with hosts of catkins like those of the hazel, but purple in colour. The wood lasts under water, so is of especial value for posts and palings along river banks to support the soil, and other underwater work.



### Let the Public See the Pictures

One more good idea has just been given a fresh impetus in the North by the suggestion from Manchester that the great pictures which the Art Galleries Committee cannot display for lack of room should be distributed to public places like churches and meeting rooms.

## C. B. Fry to Any Boy ALL IN THE SHOW TOGETHER

All the world knows C. B. Fry, commander of the Mercury in Southampton Water (which trains boys for our Navy) and one of the best sportsmen of his day. In the early days of the C.N. Commander

**MY DEAR MATES,** There are several ways I might have started this letter. Brothers and sisters would not have been bad. Little brothers and sisters would have been silly, for you are not little; *you are about the biggest things there are today.* Or, if you are little, you are so only in the sense in which the great Saint Francis spoke of his little brother, the Sun.

Mates is best. Why? Simply because we are all in the show together, this greatest show the world has ever yet had its chance at; and we are in it as workers together, or else we are out of it so far as our value goes.

No Briton wants to be worthless. The old English had no word of abuse more scathing, more deeply resented, than "nithing"—that is, no good. A young Englishman would often kill himself if his war-chief called him nithing and he felt he deserved it.

#### Two in a Game

No; we are all of us now out to be worth while, and most of us want to lend a hand. In my world, where I have worked for years, giving advice has a poorish meaning; it means standing by and yapping instead of moving in and lending a hand. However, I want to lend a hand, and, at any rate, I will try.

But it is no good my trying if you do not try too. It takes two to make a fight, and it takes two to make advice worth while. Advice is like a pass in football or lacrosse or hockey. The player with the ball may be ever so skilful and unselfish, and ready to do his best for his side by passing, but a pass takes two. He cannot pass to no one, and for a pass to be effective, to help the game, it is just as necessary that the receiver should make a big

Fry wrote a series of Letters to Mates for it, and we are re-issuing them because they are likely to be of much interest and value to boys. We begin with this, which calls on boys to play the game of growing to be men.

effort to get into the right and convenient position as it is for the giver to make a big effort to send the ball to him accurately, and in the nick of time. That is a parable. Think it over.

Good advice needs a worthy giver and a worthy taker. Worthiness in the taker is simply two things: willingness to listen, and willingness to do. The listening is no use without the doing. Worthiness in the giver is also two things: he must really desire to help, and he must really have something to say; love and knowledge if you like.

#### If You are Triers

Now, I have no doubt you are worthy takers. The other side of the matter is up to me. And this I will say: I am quite certain I love you if *—if you are triers.* Every man loves a trier; he cannot help it. I am not so certain about the knowledge part of it, but, at any rate, I promise you that anything I tell you will have the merit of being at least genuine first-hand knowledge, got from my own experience; and not second-hand, from reading what others have said. Echoes do not win followers.

There is just this I want to tell you, and then we will get on. I am no humbug; I know very well I have succeeded in cricket and athletics, and all that, but I *do* ask you not to listen to me, if you do listen, simply because I used to make a lot of runs at cricket and to jump a fair distance, and so on. If my advice is worth anything, it is because I have spent twelve of the best years of my life trying to train boys to be men; and in teaching others one learns.

Very well, then—

(Another letter next week)

## The Seven Horses of Argentina

**A**NOTHER great London stable is being broken up; the splendid horses that draw the City Corporation carts are all to be sold this year and their work transferred to motor vans.

The change is inevitable, but it involves a loss in picturesqueness. We are all horse-lovers; we still miss the beautiful grey horses that once galloped gaily with the fire engines; and every one of us realises how much richer and handsomer is a cavalcade of horses for royal processions than the finest lines of cars. Never was a greater contrast than between the procession of cars taking people to St Paul's for King George's Jubilee and the Jubilee procession in the streets. Cars in procession are dull, dead things.

Yet the time is fast approaching when a horse-drawn vehicle will be as great a rarity in the busier parts of London as motor vehicles were forty years ago.

Horses did the bulk of our carrying and hauling from the dawn of civilisation down to the opening of the present century, and all progress and prosperity in the New World were founded on the labour of horses which the Old World had sent them. There never

can have been vaster hordes of horses than up to a few years ago the great plains of South America maintained, and never had their story its equal in the records of multiplication among animals of size.

When the first attempt at the colonisation of Argentina broke down in 1535 seven horses alone survived of the number that had been carried out from Spain. These had to be abandoned and left to run wild.

At the second foundation of Buenos Aires, 45 years later, the province was found to be full of wild horses; and two centuries afterwards they abounded to such an extent that single herds were said to number as many as ten thousand animals, every one descended from the original seven, and now ranging, as they had done for more than two centuries, from Canada right down to the extreme southern limit of the continent.

But even in that paradise of wild horses things change, and now the Argentine Government has established a Stud Book in which are entered the records of horses that can be traced with certainty, without mixture of foreign blood, back to the original seven.

## THE LAND OF THAI

### There is No More Siam

All the maps are out of date again; not one of them gives Siam its right name, for Siam is abolished and Thailand takes its place.

As a matter of fact, the native description has for centuries been Muang Thai, which means the Land of the Free, but to the rest of the world it was Siam, and its people, now to be known as the Thai, were Siamese. There must be many men in England who knew them as such when Siam sent troops to France to help the Allies in the war.

Thailand is the only independent survivor of many States that existed as national entities in South-east Asia a century ago. A passion for freedom drove numerous bands of Southern Chinese 1300 years ago into what was later known as Yunnan, where, until they were conquered six centuries later, by Coleridge's Kublai Khan, they reigned free. Before Kublai they fled on again, this time to join fellow Thais who had already settled in what was to be the nucleus of the modern Siam.

Within the next hundred years the Thais had become a powerful State, strong in arms, wise in law-making. From that time forth Siam was alternately challenged and challenging, losing her freedom to neighbouring rivals, ever fighting successfully from time to time to regain it, and always calling herself Land of the Free.

Now she has informed all peoples and nations that her name is Thailand, and the name of her official residence in London has been altered from the Siamese Legation to the Thai Legation.

### Dear Darby and Joan

To have spent 89 years without a break in one and the same little country town shows a tranquil and contented spirit if it shows nothing else.

But Mrs Peter Hansen of Gentofte, Denmark, has more to boast of than that, for, questioned whether it was true that she had never once been away since the day she was born, she smiled a sweet and girlish smile and said: "I was happy at Peter's side; why should I have wished to travel? He has been a good husband to me."

And Mr Hansen, who is 92, must have felt the same way about his wife, for, once married to her, he never left Gentofte either. In a long and laborious life (he was a master-carpenter and had a hand in the building of most of the townlet's newer buildings) they have stood by each other through thick and thin. Even now, says Mr Hansen with a twinkle in his eyes, they share good and bad between them; for while he has grown somewhat deaf, she doesn't see as well as she used to, and the really important thing is that they are as much in love with each other as ever.

### 25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of July 1914

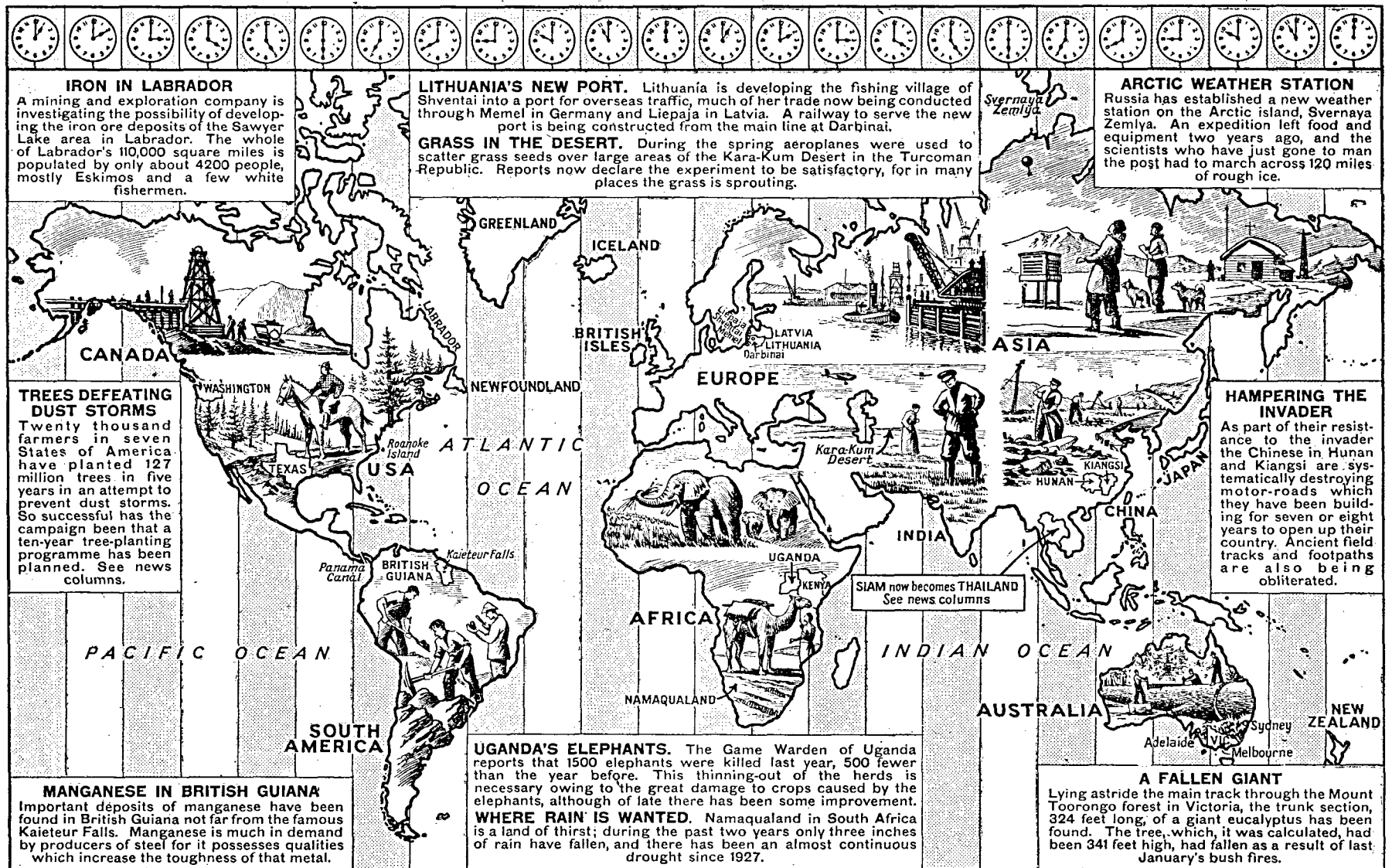
**A Loafer.** If you are passing through the streets on the Surrey side of London Bridge some night you may see in one of them a tiny boy of twelve selling toys on the kerb. His father drinks a great deal, his mother a little, and he has six brothers and sisters younger than himself.

Johnny gets up at six in the morning, earns a breakfast before he goes to school, and at night, if he can borrow his capital, buys a dozen toys for eightpence and sells them for a shilling. Sometimes, if there are many kind folk about, he can earn 2s in a night, and Johnny and his toys keep the drunkard's home together and the seven little ones from starving. He has a hard head—almost a hard heart. In the summer, when buying a ticket for a day's holiday, Johnny was asked to buy one for his sister, but he indignantly refused.

"No, I'm not going to buy her one this year," said he. "She's lazy; she won't work." And she was nine.



# CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



## CAN WE RESTORE THE SOIL?

### A New Idea in South Africa

Kenya is suffering, like most of the world's new lands, from loss of soil, that precious covering of the earth which took ages to make but which man can destroy in a few years.

Dr Pole Evans, head of the South African Pastoral Research Office, who recently expressed the opinion that Kenya was neglecting soil erosion in Native Reserves, states that he has found in Kenya a giant grass which might restore the soil.

Since his return to South Africa, grasses collected by him in Kenya have been planted out at Pretoria with astonishing results. One small plant in less than six months spread over a quarter of an acre.

## Peter Adopts a Ship

When the British steamer Port Saint John was going through the Panama Canal from Canada to Sydney not long ago three pigeons flew on board, made a home on the deck, and became great favourites with the crew.

But when the steamer was passing the Galapagos Islands the three visitors flew off on a voyage of exploration and only one returned to the ship. He became known as Peter, and roosted in a quiet corner of the bridge unperturbed by the goings and comings of the officer on watch.

When Brisbane was sighted away flew Peter, and even when the ship left the port he was nowhere to be seen. But when the Port Saint John was well out to sea again Peter was seen winging his way towards his adopted home!

At Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide Peter played the same trick, flying to land before the ship berthed and joining it again when it was sometimes 300 miles from a port.

## 127 Million Trees Against the Wind

Mr Henry Wallace, American Secretary for Agriculture, has recently reported on the progress of the tree-planting policy the United States first embarked on five years ago. This was an attempt to erect wind-breaks to prevent the terrific dust storms that were rapidly transforming a once-fruitful land into desert.

Work has not gone forward as expected on the proposed belt of trees 100 miles wide extending from Canada to Texas; for, although this grand scheme would surely be a good thing, it was found that better results could be gained by planting trees in relation to the needs of individual farms and fields.

Instead of planning where to plant trees with the aid of a map in distant Washington, 127,000,000 trees have been planted with the aid of the specialised local knowledge of 20,000 farmers in seven states, at a cost of £1,600,000. At first the farmers were sceptical about the whole scheme. Why go to a lot of trouble to plant trees that would only die in the drought? they asked. But only 30 trees out of every 100 have failed to pull through, and now there are more demands from farmers for seedlings than the Forestry Service can fill. Seedlings 18 inches high, planted four years ago, are in some places now 30 feet high, and many of the young woods are having to be thinned out and the young trees sold as fence-posts.

The results are so satisfactory that experts have planned a ten-year tree-planting campaign that would re-forest some 1,500,000 acres and cost £5,600,000. It remains to be seen whether or no Congress will approve this far-reaching plan.

See World Map

Passengers on the transatlantic airway are not encouraged to ask for boiled eggs for breakfast, for at the height at which the planes fly it would take half an hour to boil an egg.

## A Link With Raleigh's Lost Colony?

One of history's greatest riddles is the fate of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists left on Roanoke Island in 1587.

Over ninety men, seventeen women, and nine children were left on this island of Virginia, and when a relief party returned about three years later all the colonists had disappeared. Their fate has remained a mystery to this day, although it is believed that they moved inland and intermarried with the Croatan Red Indians. Now the story of the lost colonists has come into the news again, with the finding of an ancient ship buried in the sand dunes of Roanoke. A storm brought part of the vessel to view after all these years and it was dug out in case it could shed some light on the old mystery. It is said that the vessel is of the type developed by Raleigh late in the sixteenth century.

## News of the Nascopie

Once again R M S Nascopie is making its way to the sapphire seas and towering icebergs of the Arctic world.

To the fur traders, mounted policemen, missionaries, prospectors, and Eskimos the annual cruise of the Nascopie is the great event of the year, for to them it is as though they were visited by a postman and a post office.

Many are the lonely trading posts in Canada's Far North visited by the mail vessel in this world of treeless hills where white men and Eskimos flock to receive letters, papers, and books from home.

This year the Nascopie is carrying a record number of stamps, for the Eskimos are becoming keen letter writers. Most of their correspondence is carried on in their own alphabet, called the Syllabarium, which consists of about 60 phonetic characters.

## TEN SHILLINGS IS NOT ENOUGH

### Grave Old Age Pension Problems

Prices go up, but the Old Age Pension remains the same. Is that fair?

About 80,000 pensioners have petitioned the Prime Minister to raise the allowance, and the petition was presented at No. 10 Downing Street by four pensioners whose united age was 312 years.

Unfortunately the Government is besieged by a thousand claims for increased expenditure at a time when Defence is costing over £600,000,000 a year, but the amount required to raise Old Age Pensions by a shilling or two shillings a week is by no means enormous, and the claims of age need not be denied.

A serious point is the increasing number of old age pensions. The nation is growing old so rapidly that year by year the cost of pensions increases. In 40 years time there will be so many old people that the government actuary estimates that Old Age Pensions will cost £113,000,000 a year!

So rapidly do changes take place in our modern days. When Old Age Pensions were first introduced, after a stubborn fight, the cost was put at £20,000,000 a year. Since then the aged have increased so much that the cost has mounted and mounted to its present high level.

## Just a Lark

At Hawks Ridge Aerodrome at Denham in Buckinghamshire fly two Union Jacks. Pilots give the spot a wide berth, and aeroplanes do not taxi along the ground, the reason being that a skylark is raising her family in the field.

Hawks Ridge Aerodrome seems a favourite bird sanctuary, in spite of the droning of planes, for it was here that a robin built a nest in an aeroplane's wing.



# BRIGHT ALEC

## Toft's Tower

### CHAPTER 1

#### Cousin Jonas Drops His Glasses

MR JONAS WENTWORTH looked up from the guide book he was studying.

"This is what I want to see, Richard," he said in his loud, harsh voice. "Toft's Tower. The guide book speaks of it as an interesting ruin. Who built it?"

Mr Richard Kynaston laid aside a stamp he was studying under a magnifying glass.

"I really do not know, Jonas," he answered vaguely.

"Don't know," repeated Mr Wentworth in a scornful tone. "A place of historic interest and only a few miles from your home. I suppose you will tell me you have never been there."

"I never have," admitted Mr Kynaston. His cousin got up and began stamping up and down the room.

"What a man you are, Richard! You sit indoors with your precious stamps and take no interest in anything else. No wonder your estate is in the mess it is."

He was so excited he dropped his glasses. They hit the edge of the table and there was an ominous tinkle of broken glass. Mrs Kynaston sprang up.

"Oh, Jonas, your glasses are smashed," she said in dismay.

She knew that her husband's cousin was so short-sighted he was almost blind without his glasses.

"A great nuisance," growled Mr Wentworth. "Still, I'm not such a fool as to travel with only one pair."

He fished another spectacle case out of his pocket, took from it a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and put them on.

Young Dick Kynaston spoke up.

"We could take you to Toft's Tower, Cousin Jonas. Bob Collins would row us over."

"Very well. We will go tomorrow morning. Arrange about the boat, Dick. And let me know what Collins will charge."

"All right, sir," said Dick and went out.

His brother Horace and Alec Renshaw followed him to the schoolroom.

"What a pig!" Dick said angrily.

"He is rather," Alec agreed.

Alec Renshaw was staying with the Kynastons for the summer holiday. He was the same age as Dick, that is, thirteen, but nothing like so big. Also he wore glasses. When he first arrived at Bishop's Mead the three Kynaston children had begun by despising him, but Alec had proved that, if his body was small, he had plenty of pluck and good sense, and now they accepted him as one of themselves.

"I do hate the way he sneers at Dad," said Babs Kynaston. "It's such bad manners."

"Rotten!" growled Dick. "And he's mean as can be. He's rolling in money and he's never even given us a Christmas present."

Horry spoke up. Horry was a plump, silent boy, but when he did speak he generally had something to say.

"He's going to pay for you to go to Marlborough, Mum says. So you'd better keep the right side of him, Dick."

Dick grunted. He knew that what Horry said was true, but it didn't make him like Cousin Jonas any better.

"We're taking him to Torn Island anyhow. Alec, you'd better come with me to Bob Collins and see about the boat."

"And mind you ask the price!" Babs put in.

Toft's Tower stood on a great lump of broken rock in the estuary of the Arrow. It was just a ruin and no one knew who had built it. The island was more worth seeing than the Tower for it was a picturesque crag which had been eaten away by the waves until it was almost cut in two. It was about half a mile from the village of Saltmouth and a favourite mark for sea fishermen. Not many people landed there, for there was only one spot where one could land at all, and that only in fine weather. It was certainly the last place that quiet, retiring Mr Richard Kynaston would have chosen to visit.

The boys found Bob Collins on the quay, painting a boat. He was a fine old fellow and a friend of Dick. Dick explained to him about the proposed trip and Bob chuckled deep in his throat.

"Seems like the old gentleman is careful with his cash," he remarked. "Tell us

## Complete Story by T. C. Bridges

I'll take him there and back for half-a-crown. But only if 'tis a fine day. I bain't risking my boat on they rocks if there's a breeze."

"The glass is high and steady," Alec said. "Aye, weather looks to be all right, young gentleman. But 'ee can't never tell what the morning'll bring. Tide'll be right along about eleven o'clock, so you be here then."

Mr Kynaston had no car, so Vince, the man about the place, drove them down to Saltmouth next morning in the old-fashioned waggonette. It was a very fine morning, but there must have been wind somewhere, for a slow swell was rolling in from the open sea.

Bob Collins looked doubtful.

"Her will be a job to land," he told them. "All right for you boys, but what about the old gentleman?"

"I am perfectly able both in mind and body," snapped Mr Wentworth, who was much annoyed at being called old.

Bob winked at the boys.

"No offence meant, sir," he said, "but it bain't as if there was a proper landing place."

They got into the boat and pulled off. The sea was like glass, yet the boat rose and fell on long, slow swells. They could see these breaking in foam on Torn Island.

Bob guided the boat skilfully into the narrow inlet between two great weed-hung crags, and checked her opposite a flat table of rock.

"Us can't tie up," he said, "and 'tis too deep to anchor. I got to hold the boat with the oars. You boys jump ashore and be ready to help Mr Wentworth when he comes along."

Mr Wentworth was not looking as happy as when he started. He did not like the way in which the boat rose and fell, or the dull roar of the swells as they broke into the cave at the end of the inlet. But, having boasted so much about being fit and capable, he could not back out.

The two boys sprang lightly on to the flat rock and Mr Wentworth stood up in the stern. The boat rose slowly.

"Jump, sir," cried Bob, and Mr Wentworth obeyed.

But he was not so agile as he thought. He waited just a moment too long and, when he jumped, the boat was beginning to drop. He did just reach the rock, but caught his toes, slipped, and would have had a bad fall if Dick and Alec between them had not managed to catch him. As it was he came down on his knees with a bad bump.

"My glasses!" he yelled, as they flew from his nose.

### CHAPTER 2

#### The "Clumsy Idiot"

DICK made a snatch at them but was too late. They dropped over the edge of the rock and vanished in the smooth swell.

"Clumsy idiot!" stormed Mr Wentworth, but Alec spoke up sharply.

"It wasn't Dick's fault."

"I didn't say it was," retorted Mr Wentworth sourly. "I meant that boatman. He told me to jump when the boat was already falling." He paused and glared round helplessly. "Now what am I to do? I haven't a third pair. How deep is the water here?"

"Ten foot, if her's an inch," Bob Collins told him sharply. "And the fault weren't mine, mister. You was too slow. If you'd ha' jumped when I spoke you'd ha' been all right."

"Could you get some glasses in Saltmouth, Mr Wentworth?" Alec asked.

"At a place like that! Of course not. These are special lenses. Even if I telephone to my man in London it will be at least three days before I can get another pair. Meantime, what am I to do?"

He looked so helpless that Alec felt really sorry for him.

"Better get into the boat, sir, and we'll take you back," he said.

It was a difficult business to get him into the boat for, without his glasses, he was almost blind. The boys had to steady the

boat while Bob helped him in. He sat glumly in the stern and didn't say a word during the pull back. When they got ashore Alec managed to get Dick aside for a moment.

"You go back with him, Dick. I'm not coming yet."

"What are you going to do?" Dick demanded.

"I'm going after those glasses."

"Don't be a silly ass. You'll only get drowned."

"I won't. I'll have Bob with me. But see here, Dick, don't say a word to the old chap. I don't want to raise false hopes."

"I think you're crazy," Dick said. "And a nice time I'm going to have, driving home with him!"

Alec grinned.

"I don't envy you." Then he turned serious. "Dick, if the old boy is left two days without glasses he'll drive everyone in the house crazy. The odds are he'll have a row with your people and refuse to pay your school bills. Go with him and be as civil as you can. I have to wait until the tide's down, but if I can get those glasses, it'll save a heap of trouble."

"It certainly will," replied Dick grimly, "but if you get drowned there'll be worse trouble."

"I promise you I won't get drowned. Here's the waggonette. Go ahead. I'll be back for tea."

Alec had a way with him and Dick yielded. The waggonette drove off and Alec tackled Bob. Bob's eyes widened as Alec talked eagerly.

"Sounds funny to me, Master Alec. But her might work. All right. I'll take 'ee out. But us'll have to wait till 'long about three. Then there won't be no more than five or six foot of water."

"All right. Then I'll go and do my bit of shopping."

"Try Hook's, the ironmonger. Her'll be the most likely one. Arter that you come around to my place and I'll give 'ee a bite of dinner. My old 'ooman were making a pasty when I left."

"Thanks," said Alec. "I love pasties." He nodded and went off into the village.

### CHAPTER 3

#### Alec Does The Trick

IT was nearly five when Alec reached Bishop's Mead. The first thing he saw was the waggonette at the door; the next, Vince carrying two suitcases down the steps; the third, Horry standing at the door.

"What's up?" Alec asked.

"Cousin Jonas is leaving," Horry answered solemnly. "He and Dad had a bit of a row."

"Had a row!" repeated Alec. It seemed impossible that anyone could quarrel with gentle Mr Kynaston.

"Hush, here he comes!" said Horry, and Cousin Jonas came blundering down the steps and almost bumped into Alec.

"Goodbye, sir," said Alec. He pulled something out of his pocket. "Hadden't you better take your glasses?"

The other pulled up short.

"My glasses!" He took them, put them on his nose and stared at Alec. "They are my glasses! How in the name of all that's wonderful did you get them, Alec?"

"With a magnet, sir. The frames are steel, you see, so a magnet on the end of a string did the trick."

There was a moment's silence, then Cousin Jonas gave a sort of yelp.

"And I hadn't the sense to think of it."

He turned. "Richard! Richard!" he shouted.

Mr Kynaston came out.

"Richard, this boy's got better brains than I. I told you he was a rude little beast because he didn't drive home with me and all the time he was busy recovering my glasses. I hate apologising, but I've got to."

"Hadden't you better come back, Jonas?" said Mr Kynaston mildly. "Vince, bring those suitcases in again. Mr Wentworth won't be leaving today."

He took Cousin Jonas by the arm and drew him back into the hall, and Alec, who was very wet, went up to his room to change.

A little later Dick came bursting in. He smote Alec on the back.

"Alec, old son," he cried. "You've done the trick. Cousin Jonas is simply purring and Mum and Dad are no end pleased. Come on down. There's strawberry jam and cream for tea."

## JACKO TURNS GUIDE

IT was very nice for Jacko to have Chimp to spend the holidays with him, but his mother wished they could have enjoyed themselves without making quite so much noise.

"Wouldn't you two like to go off somewhere for the day?" she inquired one morning. "Why not take your lunch and have a nice long walk over the cliffs?"

Jacko looked a bit doubtful.



It was terribly hot work

"Sounds a bit dull," he murmured.

And then, as a bright idea struck him: "Unless we could do a bit of climbing," he added.

Chimp caught on to the idea at once.

"We could start from the beach," he said eagerly, "and climb over the headland."

"It's fairly steep," said Jacko. "But if we roped ourselves together, and did things properly, it might be no end of fun."

"I do hope you'll be careful," cried Mother Jacko, who was beginning to wish she hadn't put the idea in their rash young heads.

But almost before the words were out of her mouth they were out of

the house, tearing along to the coast-guard's cottage to borrow some stout rope.

There was no difficulty there. It took no time at all to tie themselves in true professional style; and, as Bouncer refused to be left behind, the end bit was attached to him.

Soon they were all three making their way gingerly up the steep rocky cliff that outlined the cove.

It was terribly hot work—a regular cooker of a day, Jacko called it. But although they stopped at intervals to mop their faces, they stuck to it, and at last they reached the top.

"This is great!" declared Jacko, flinging himself down on the dry, springy turf. "Now for food."

"There ought to be some gulls' nests about," remarked Chimp, when they had finished their lunch.

There were. In one nest they found four young ones, waiting, with beaks open, for the mother to come back with a nice fish dinner for them.

Jacko was thrilled.

"By jove!" he declared. "I vote that we come here again."



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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 22, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## FASCINATING COMPETITION WITH NUMEROUS PRIZES

Ten Shillings Each For Two Readers and Half-Crowns For 25 Others

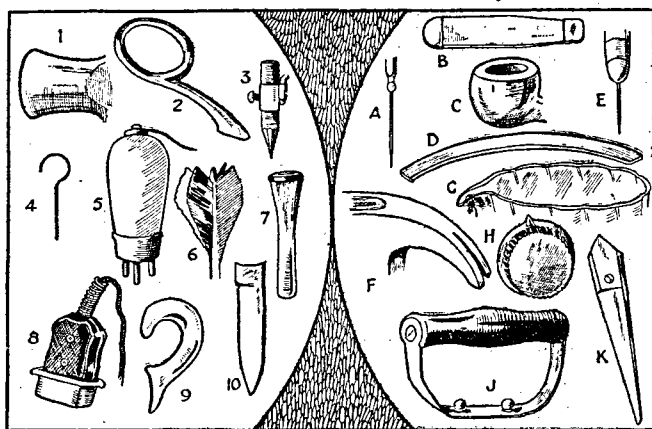
PARTS of ten things familiar in everyday life are shown in these pictures. Can you name the objects?

One part of each object is shown in the group on the left, and another part of the same object is given in the group on the right. All the objects to be named are included in the following list:

Awl. Coat-hanger. Compasses. Cup. Dart. Electric iron. Hammer. Jug. Pipe. Pocket knife. Scissors. Secateurs. Shuttlecock. Table knife. Wireless set.

Here is an actual example to show how to write your solutions: I F Hammer.

Write your list on a post-card, add your name, address, and age, and send it to CN Competition Number 84, 44



Farrington Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on

Thursday, July 27. All entries must be the unaided work and in the handwriting

of competitors, and only one attempt may be sent by each. In the event of ties awards will be made to senders of the best-written attempts qualifying, and age will be taken into account when judging.

This competition is for girls and boys of 15 or under. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Will you do the CN a good turn by introducing it to a friend? If you are among the prizewinners and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to buy the CN for at least a month, half-a-crown will be sent to you in addition to the prize.

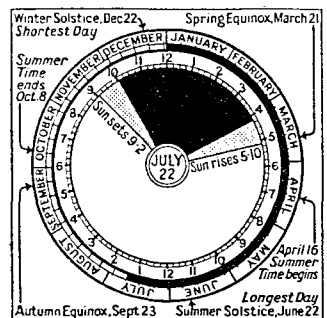
### THE BRAN TUB

Peter Puck on Angling

An angler's job must often be a hungry one. From morn till night, Sometimes, he dangles rod and line And never has a single bite.

The CN Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 22. The black section of the



circle under the months shows how much of the year has gone.

### Enigma

I AM an adverb, questioning; A river, too, you'll not forget If you have seen me; also I'm A letter of the alphabet.

Answer next week

### Ici on Parle Français



Ce méchant petit chien a volé un os dans le garde-manger et s'est sauvé avec.

This naughty puppy has stolen a bone from the larder and run off with it.

### Painless

WHAT is that instrument with which every tooth in your head may be drawn, not only without pain but without consciousness of the operation, provided only you keep your mouth open? A pencil.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mercury is low in the north-east, Mars is in the south-east, and Jupiter is low in the east toward midnight. In the morning Venus is low in the east, Saturn is in the south, and Jupiter in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 p.m. on Sunday, July 23.



### What Happened on Your Birthday

July 23. Vaccination Act passed 1840  
24. J. G. Holland, poet, born 1819  
25. Pope Innocent VIII died 1492  
26. Otto I of Greece died . 1867  
27. Battle of Killiecrankie . 1689  
28. Robespierre guillotined . 1794  
29. William Wilberforce died 1833

### This Week in Nature

A PLANT now seen in blossom is the quaint bee orchis. It has from three to six purplish, yellow, and brown

flowers borne on a spike and the flowers have a strong resemblance to the humble bee, with wings, antennae, hairy head and body. The plant is about a foot high.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Can You Complete These Riddles?

1. What has four legs and two arms yet cannot move hand or foot? An armchair.  
2. Why is a pipe like a ham? Because both are smoked.

3. What kind of tree can you hold in your hand? A palm.

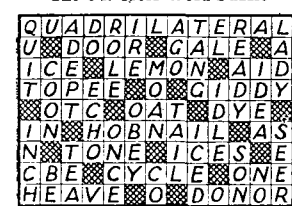
4. Why is a railway porter like an elephant? Because he carries a trunk.

Do You Know These Islands? Madagas-car, Philip-pines. And-a-man.

Is This Your County? Huntingdon

What Am I? Chair, hair, air

### The CN Cross Word Puzzle



### TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

JACQUELINE's mother gave her a little list. "This is what I want you to buy," she said. "And don't lose the purse," she added with a smile.

Jacqueline went off happily to catch the train to the little market town, swinging her basket as she went.

She was in good time on the platform, and the very first thing she saw was a notice there on the bookstall which said: "Happy Trio at the Farm," by Daphne Wood.

"Oh!" cried Jacqueline, darting forward.

For Daphne Wood lived in Sandford and wrote the sort of books that Jacqueline liked.

"May I just look at a copy?" she begged the rosy-cheeked man behind the counter. Then, putting the basket on the platform and the purse on the papers beside her, she started gently turning over the pages.

The story looked so exciting, better even than any of the others. In fact, if it hadn't been for the rosy-cheeked man she wouldn't have caught the train at all, for it came into the station without her being aware of it.

As it was she had just time to clutch the basket and jump into a carriage, nearly falling over the lady who was sitting in the corner.

Not until the train had left the station far behind did she remember the purse was still lying on the bookstall!

"What's the matter?" asked the lady in the corner kindly, hearing her startled exclamation.

Jacqueline told her all about it. "It was all the fault of the book," she finished sadly. "If it hadn't been so good I should have noticed the train come in."

Her companion laughed. "Anyway, there's nothing to bother about," she said. "Your purse will be quite safe. I'm getting out at Sandford. I'll telephone and ask them to keep it for you."

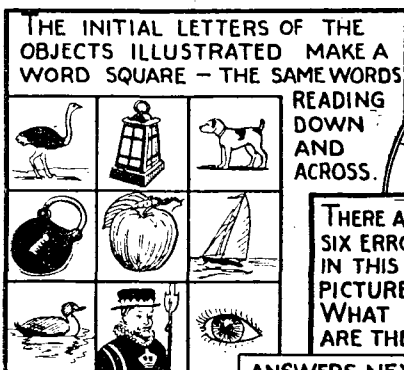
### THE HAPPY TRIO

Then she took out her purse and gave Jacqueline enough to do her shopping. And in a few moments they were both chatting together like old friends.

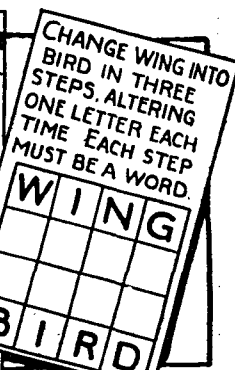
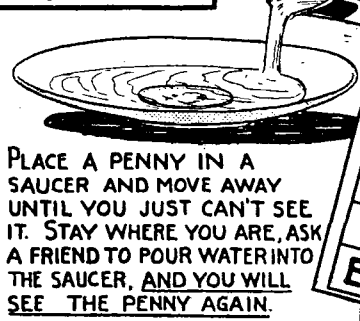
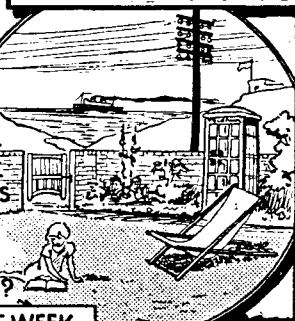
"May I have your address so that I can return the money?" asked Jacqueline, when they left the station.

"I'll send it to you tomorrow," she was told; which seemed very strange!

The next morning the postman brought Jacqueline a parcel. She opened it. And there was "The Happy Trio at the Farm," by Daphne Wood, with her own name and "From the author" on the front page!



### PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



## How TO KEEP Children's Hair Lovely!

Mothers are now working the same miracles for their children's hair that they have found are so easily performed for their own—with 'Danderine.'

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FOR THE HAIR

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